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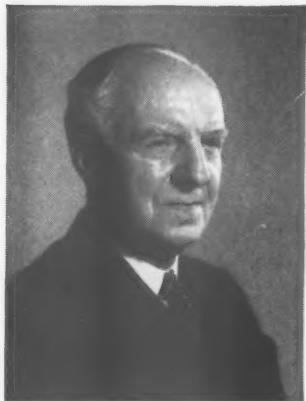
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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Episodes of the Month

JULY'S most sensational event was the final collapse of "collective leadership" in the Soviet Union and the emergence of Khrushchev as the commanding figure. Few will regret the political demise of Messrs. Molotov and Kaganovich, though the eclipse of Malenkov will arouse mixed feelings—not least, we may suspect, in Russia itself.

Is Khrushchev, in fact, supreme? As General Secretary of the Party he obviously has some of the advantages, in a struggle for power, which Stalin enjoyed. But his position is by no means the same as Stalin's, even though he may be himself a typical thug of the Stalin era. Times have changed, and with them the political atmosphere in the Soviet Union. It is most significant that, in his attempt to discredit his rivals and blacken their reputations, Khrushchev is compelled to dwell upon their Stalinist activities and intentions, though this cannot but be embarrassing for him, in view of his own record. The terror and brutality associated with the name of Stalin are obviously now so profoundly unpopular in Russia that any aspirant for power must be careful to denounce just those methods which enabled Stalin to win and retain power. This may mean that Khrushchev's autocracy will not be enduring.

And there is a further limiting factor—the Army, upon whose support Khrushchev is said to have depended in the recent show-down. Marshal Zhukov is now stronger than ever on the Politburo, and

it may be said of him that he has never been a party man in the strict sense; also that his personality appeals to the Russian masses. It is possible that the Soviet Revolution may now indeed be about to enter its Consular phase, with Zhukov playing Bonaparte to Khrushchev's Barras. If so, it is perhaps comforting to reflect that Zhukov is an old soldier, who may have seen too much of war to want any more of it. The most dangerous political soldiers are the young ones, whose experience of active service may be limited and who may still be dreaming of military glory.

Rome Treaties Ratified

THE French National Assembly acted with surprising promptness in ratifying the Rome Treaties. The effect of this ratification is that the Common Market will become a reality by the autumn. What happens next is an urgent problem for the British Government.

While Mr. Thorneycroft and Sir David Eccles seem to have lost none of their enthusiasm for a Free Trade Area under British leadership, it is understood that the Prime Minister is now distinctly less sure. Despite a vigorous speech at the Central Hall, Westminster, he is showing little of the drive which was manifest when he launched the project in Washington a year ago. Negotiations have been going

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on through OEEC in a rather desultory fashion, but no way has yet been found to circumvent the two major difficulties—the exclusion of agriculture and the inclusion of overseas territories.

Inflation Again

BY a miracle of timing Mr. Thorneycroft sounded off a series of clarion calls against inflation in the same week that the Prime Minister announced the long-deferred increase in Members' pay. What induced the Chancellor to draw attention to the obvious in this precise way, and at this precise moment, is far from clear. The condition of the gilt-edged market is certainly not good, but it has never been healthy since Dr. Dalton invaded it ten years ago; and the sudden spurt in prices was the inevitable consequence of wage increases granted last winter and spring.

Inflation is indeed a very serious matter and there is as yet no evidence of a coherent Government plan to keep it within reasonable bounds. There is probably no complete cure for it in a time of full employment, but it must be kept under control; it should not, that is to say, exceed a rate of 2 per cent. per annum. The Government can point to the limited success achieved by the credit squeeze, but this is clearly not enough in itself and new tactics are now called for. There must be tighter control over investment and there must be an attack—which would come most appropriately from a Conservative Government—on those firms which blandly concede wage claims and automatically pass the cost on to the public in the form of higher prices. It goes without saying that the nationalized industries have set a miserable example in this respect, but there is more to be said for a loss-making public service which increases its prices than for a profit-making industrial concern which could, at no ruinous cost to itself, take the initiative in bringing about a standstill.

Post Office Charges

THE rise in Post Office charges, which also closely followed Mr. Thorneycroft's inflation warnings, is maddening but comprehensible. Before the war it was possible to pay public servants—especially policemen and postmen—less than they could have obtained outside, because they were guaranteed security in their jobs and pensions in their old age. Now that there is full employment and the Welfare State these considerations no longer apply, and the Priestley Committee accordingly recommended that in future civil servants should be paid on roughly the same scale as skilled or semi-skilled workers in industry. Hence it was necessary to find extra revenue, and the Government was faced with three choices: to increase direct taxation, to cut postal services drastically, or to raise charges. It chose the latter course.

The Cousins Offensive

AS we go to press many thousands of people are suffering inconvenience as a result of a bus strike called by Mr. Frank Cousins, General Secretary of the T. and G.W.U. The merits of the pay claim involved may be considerable, but there is reason to suspect that Mr. Cousins is carrying out a deliberate offensive against the Government, with the aim of destroying it. His recent speeches lend colour to this suspicion, and a leading article entitled "The Meaning of Mr. Cousins" in the July 13 issue of the *New Statesman* creates the same sinister impression. Admitting that voluntary wage restraint is "not impossible or undesirable," it adds that "an essential condition of such co-operation between the Unions and the Government is a genuine attempt to plan the whole economy, both for increased production and for fairer shares." The wording here is vague, but from the context it is reasonable to infer that, in the author's opinion, union co-operation should be withheld unless the present Conservative Government, elected by the

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

people, decides to implement Socialist policies.

This, of course, is a challenge to the Constitution, and if it represents Mr. Cousins's views we can only say that he would be well advised to reconsider his attitude. He is a very capable man, who may attain high office in a Labour Government. Both he and his union are entitled to support the Labour Party as a political force, but they are not entitled to use industrial action as a means of frustrating the declared wishes of a national majority. Strong as the unions may be—and it is right that they should be—they cannot hope to prevail against both the Constitution and public opinion.

Socialism in Retreat

WHILE Mr. Cousins, a leading so-called Socialist, is on the offensive, Socialism as a theory is beating a thinly disguised retreat. *Industry and Society* (Is.), which is subtitled "Labour's Policy on Future Public Ownership," goes further than any previous official policy statement towards the abandonment of nationalization. Steel and road transport are to be renationalized for the benefit of the bewildered faithful, but for the rest the Party is to be content with a watching brief and the piecemeal acquisition of shares in privately owned firms.

But will the Party be content? This is by no means certain, though Mr. Bevan is among the sponsors of the new programme. His acquiescence in the painless execution of Labour's most cherished dogma will not surprise those who have always recognized that he is primarily a political realist, not an ideologue. His name was associated with the "Left" of the Party, because he needed a body of supporters after his quarrel with the leadership and these people were ready to hand. But genuine Socialist "Left-wingers" have never counted him one of their number; indeed, they have tended to stigmatize him as a man of the Right. Such are the optical illusions of politics!

Peers' Pittance

THE increases in Members' pay—and in the salaries of junior Ministers, the Leader of the Opposition, and the Officers of both Houses—were fully justified, though ill-timed. The same cannot, however, be said of the ludicrous attendance allowance which is to be paid to peers. This is insultingly inadequate as remuneration for those who really qualify to be members of the Second Chamber, but it is too much for those who have no legislative talent or usefulness. To have introduced the principle of pay for peers, even in this derisory form, in advance of a measure to reform the House's composition, was an act of remarkable folly. The chances of reform are now probably less than ever, since the Tadpoles and Tapers of our time will now say that the House of Lords has been bought off for a few years and need cause no further trouble during this Parliament. A debate is to be held in the House of Lords before the end of the present session, in the course of which the Government's reform "proposals" will be made known. But proposals are not what are wanted—everyone is tired of proposals. The crying need is for action, which means that the Government should bring in a reform Bill and be prepared to push it through, if necessary against the veto of the House of Lords itself.

Hale and the Howards

A MID scenes reminiscent of a French farce the Arundel Estates Bill received its Second Reading in a very truncated form. It had been thought that, because the Duke of Norfolk had agreed to the exclusion from the Bill of all those provisions which did not deal solely with the breaking of the entail, the passage of the Bill would be fairly smooth. Largely owing to Sir Hugh Lucas-Tooth's mystifying speech in favour of the Second Reading, this did not prove to be the case, and Mr. Shinwell seized upon the compen-

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sation clause as an excuse for dividing the House against the Bill. The objections to this clause were, to say the least, unimpressive.

The whole incident showed how envy and suspicion of the "haves" still poison the minds of many Socialists; but it also showed that a different spirit is beginning to make itself felt. One of the best speeches—basically favouring the Duke's position—came from Mr. Leslie Hale, who is not generally supposed to be on the Right of his Party. He stated firmly that he did not see why a man should not make the best provision he could for his family. He also said, with characteristic wit and generosity: "I am not passionately in favour of big estates, but if I owned one I should want to keep it." His remarks were infused with that sense of history which cannot fail to be an antidote to levelling extremism.

Crossman's Clanger

M R. CROSSMAN has been in trouble with trade union M.P.s following an article in the *Daily Mirror* in which he pointed out that their standard of intelligence was not all that it might be. In the infancy of the Party the trade unions always tried to get their best men into Parliament, but now that the strength of organized labour has so vastly increased a seat in Parliament is no longer regarded as having any outstanding value or importance. It is mainly used as a reward and pension for long service in the lower ranks of the trade union movement, and the spectacle of elderly miners and railwaymen hardly able to hobble to the Table to take the Oath has become distressingly familiar. Mr. Crossman may not have been very tactful in the way he chose to draw attention to this abuse, but there is no doubt that he has much justice on his side. If, as a result of the row which he has caused, the standard of trade union M.P.s is improved, he will deserve the gratitude of the country no less than that (which he will not receive)

of his own Party. After all, the government of the country may one day depend upon the quality of these men.

Shrewd and Cultured Potentate

THE death of Aga Khan III, generally known as the Aga Khan, was a notable event in the world at large, and not only within the Moslem sect of which he had for so long been the Imam. Though it was hard to visualize him as a spiritual leader, he was in fact—as his autobiography showed—a man of deep religious conviction. He was also a man of wide culture and on the whole an astute judge of public affairs. His career stretched back into the last century and it was curious to recall that he had dined with Queen Victoria.

He has designated as his successor neither of his sons, but his grandson Karim, who may thus hope to have a period of power and responsibility similar in duration to that of his grandfather. But conditions will be changing fast in the countries where his followers live and he will need in full measure the gift of adaptability.

Jules Menken

R EADERS of *The National Review* will have shared our deep regret at the news that Jules Menken had died after a short illness. He was a frequent contributor and he gave much assistance to Lady Milner during the last years of her editorship.

As a commentator his analysis seldom erred on the side of optimism; he was, indeed, somewhat apocalyptic in his view of the contemporary world. But he had a mastery of detail which few could equal, and his work was always distinguished both in matter and manner. He will be remembered by all who knew him as a staunch Christian, patriot and friend.

THE MONARCHY TODAY

By LORD ALTRINCHAM

A New Pattern

WHEN the Queen entertained the Commonwealth Ministers at Windsor during the recent Conference the new pattern of our Monarchy was exhibited more vividly than ever before. It was a meeting not of vassals, but of friends. The hostess and her husband, though framed in splendour and set in a perspective of tradition and mystery, could be seen notwithstanding as people very much of their own age, leading in some respects a normal modern life and by no means remote from its vicissitudes. That very afternoon the Duke of Edinburgh had driven the Queen down from London (having earlier in the day addressed a homily to the Automobile Association), and on the way had collided with another car. Fortunately the accident was not serious and the Royal couple arrived at Windsor with clear consciences and in time to change for dinner. Queen Victoria would not have exposed herself thus to comparison with mere mortals; indeed, for a large part of her reign she did not expose herself at all, remaining imured in her castle—the "widow at Windsor." Nor, it must be admitted, would King George VI and the Queen Mother have been likely to find themselves in a similar position, though they belong to the "popular" rather than to the "hierarchical" phase of the Monarchy. What was a change is now becoming a revolution.

How has it happened and what does it portend? The decisive reign was that of George V. When he came to the Throne the Royal Family was still more German than British, and its instinctive attachment was to the Continent of Europe. The Kaiser's war put an end to this. Not only did it lead to the downfall of most of those European monarchs and princelings with whom the House of Hanover had close ties; it also gave a dramatic impetus to social and political change in this country. George V was not a clever man and his

constitutional sense was sometimes defective, yet his services to the Monarchy are beyond price, since he managed to adjust it, in essentials, to the new conditions. When H. G. Wells wrote to *The Times* that Britain could not be expected to fight a war under the aegis of "an alien and uninspiring Court," King George is said to have commented that he might be uninspiring but he was damned if he was alien. This (if correctly reported) was not a statement of fact; it was a profession of faith. In the same spirit he chose, at Lord Stamfordham's suggestion, the name of Windsor for his family.

By the end of his reign two remarkable phenomena could be discerned. The Commonwealth was taking shape, and in the free and equal partnership which was thus superseding what Disraeli called "the Empire of England" the Crown was still a necessary feature; it had not lost its magic. Secondly, while the aristocracy was losing ground at home, the Monarchy was winning the affection of many who before could have thought of it only with a mixture of awe and resignation. The reasons for this strange development are complex, but the significance of the King's own character can hardly be exaggerated. Unlike his father, he was not fashionable or a pleasure-seeker; he was never regarded as belonging to what is loosely called "society." He typified the virtues and limitations of millions of his subjects, and there was thus a natural sympathy between him and them, which his mastery of the new technique of sound broadcasting helped to confirm. What Baldwin did for Parliamentary Government, George V did for the Monarchy.

His second son inherited some of his homely qualities and restored confidence after the *affaire Simpson*. He also showed exactly the right demeanour in 1940. By his marriage he brought native British blood into the Royal Family and his children thus belong to the British com-



Photo : *The Times*.

COMMONWEALTH PRIME MINISTERS AND MINISTERS WITH THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR. (N.B. THE U.K. PRIME MINISTER—PROBABLY FOR THE FIRST TIME—NOT IN THE FRONT ROW.)

munity in a sense that their Hanoverian ancestors did not. But this is a point not to be laboured, because the Monarchy must not now be exclusively British; it must transcend race. The Duke of Edinburgh, whose merits are almost universally extolled, is British only by adoption. He gives the impression of being a citizen of the Commonwealth, at home wherever he goes. In this he shows his awareness of the new pattern within which the Monarchy must work—and “work” is the word—in the difficult years ahead.

Danger of Complacency

There is much to admire in the Royal Family as we see them today, and they are indeed very widely admired. But it would be a disastrous mistake to feel anything like complacency about their hold upon the allegiance of the mass public, especially

in those parts of the Commonwealth which are not British. The Coronation induced a mood compounded of religiosity, vainglory and bobby-soxing, which of its very nature was superficial and impermanent. Those who care for the Monarchy as an institution should look beyond the hideous coloured photographs of a glamorous young woman in sparkling attire to the more testing realities of twenty years hence. The Monarchy will not survive, let alone thrive, unless its leading figures exert themselves to the full and with all the imagination they and their advisers can command.

They have to perform the seemingly impossible task of being at once ordinary and extraordinary. Their “ordinariness” is one of the secrets of their popularity. Richard Hoggart writes thus of the Monarchy in *The Uses of Literacy* (Chatto and Windus, 25s.): “ . . . as an institution it is scarcely thought of by the working classes; they are not royalists by principle.

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Nor do most harbour resentment against it, they have little heat. They either ignore it or, if they are interested, the interest is for what can be translated into the personal. Since they are 'personalists' and dramatists, they are more interested in a few individual members of the Royal Family than in the less colourful figures of Parliamentary Government." The loyalty of these people—even allowing for changes of taste and mental habit due to education, social reform and other modern factors—would be shaken if the Monarchy were to depart too far from the accepted norm. Intelligence and eccentricity are permissible, but only in moderation.

At the same time the Monarchy cannot now rely, as it once could, upon the unquestioning support of those who effectively govern the country. The Whig magnates ignored or despised the Royal Family, but exalted the institution of monarchy. Nowadays the position is reversed. Many influential people, of varying political opinions, are able to combine a high regard for the Royal Family with a fundamental scepticism as to the viability of the institution. This is not the militant republicanism of the young Joseph Chamberlain, but as a state of mind it is more dangerous, because it is so mild and elusive. In Chamberlain's day monarchies were the rule, republics the exception; it was therefore safe to flirt with republican theory. Today republics are the rule, and monarchies very much the exception. When someone now asserts his belief that the British Monarchy will endure he is not asserting a proposition which is self-evident and unassailable; he is almost saying *credo quia impossible*.

When she has lost the bloom of youth the Queen's reputation will depend, far more than it does now, upon her personality. It will not then be enough for her to go through the motions; she will have to say things which people can remember, and do things on her own initiative which will make people sit up and take notice. As yet there is little sign that such a personality is emerging. But time, though no longer clearly on her side, is not yet her enemy.

CROWN AND "CLASS"

If it is vital that the Monarchy should transcend race, it is hardly less necessary that it should transcend "class." Social distinctions are bound to exist in any large community. To pretend that they do not exist is naïve or hypocritical, and to seek to eliminate them by State action may become a dire threat to liberty and to other civilized values which must at all costs be protected. Yet the Crown must not seem to be identified with any particular social group. The relatively "classless" character of George V has been mentioned; unfortunately it is not to be seen in his grand-daughters. The Queen and Princess Margaret still bear the debutante stamp.

Why is this? The most likely reason is that they were given a conventional upper-class education. This is, perhaps, the price which had to be paid for the Queen Mother's many services, and for the matchless charm which she has brought to her high position. "Crawfie," Sir Henry Marten, the London season, the race-course, the grouse-moor, Canasta, and the occasional Royal tour—all this would not have been good enough for Queen Elizabeth I! It says much for the Queen that she has not been incapacitated for her job by this woefully inadequate training. She has dignity, a sense of duty and (so far as one can judge) goodness of heart—all precious assets. But will she have the wisdom to give her children an education very different from her own? Will she, above all, see to it that Prince Charles is equipped with all the knowledge he can absorb without injury to his health, and that he mixes during his formative years with children who will one day be bus-drivers, dockers, engineers, etc.—not merely with future land-owners or stock-brokers? These are crucial questions.

The Queen's private choice of friends may or not be inspiring, but in any case it is not a legitimate matter for public comment. On the other hand, it is quite in order to criticize public functions, such as the Presentation Parties, which are a grotesque survival from the Monarchy's "hierarchical" past. These Parties should certainly have been quietly discontinued in

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Photo : Keystone Press.

GUESTS ARRIVING AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE FOR A PRESENTATION PARTY.

1945. They pander to snobbishness and give the Queen the appearance of standing at the apex of an aristocratic and plutocratic pyramid. People have a right to "bring out" their daughters in whatever way they please, but the Crown's benison should be reserved for those who have qualified for it by public service.

The Entourage

The present composition of the Court emphasizes the social lopsidedness to which the Monarchy is still prone. The Queen's entourage—those who serve her from day to day, who accompany her when she travels and sit with her when she eats—are almost without exception people of the "tweedy" sort. Such people may be shrewd, broad-minded and thoroughly suitable for positions at Court, but the same is true of many who are not "tweedy"; and the fact that the Queen's personal staff represents almost exclusively

a single social type creates an unfortunate impression. Worse still, courtiers are nearly always citizens of one Commonwealth country—the United Kingdom. In other words, the Court has lamentably failed to move with the times; while the Monarchy has become "popular" and multi-racial, the Court has remained a tight little enclave of British "ladies and gentlemen." This cannot be right.

The Queen should surely now be surrounded by advisers and companions with as many different backgrounds as possible. A truly classless and Commonwealth Court would not only bear eloquent witness to the transformed nature of the Monarchy, but would also give the Queen and her Family the advantage of daily contact with an interesting variety of personalities and points of view. It would not, of course, be desirable to appoint courtiers on any strict rationing principle—so many Canadians, so many Africans, so many

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trade unionists, so many aesthetes, so many Socialists, so many Tories, and so on. This would be an absurdity. But granted the fitness of someone for a post at Court, political and social considerations should also be taken into account before an appointment is made. Thus there would be no sudden or artificial change, but over a period of time the composition of the Court would gradually become more catholic and more representative.

The word "catholic" suggests a significant analogy—the College of Cardinals in the Roman Catholic Church. In this the Italian element is still disproportionate, but the trend in recent years has been towards increasing the non-Italian membership. What is possible for the Papacy should be very much more feasible for the British Monarchy, since there is no language difficulty; English is virtually a *lingua franca* in the Commonwealth. Latin being an imperfect vehicle for the transaction of business in the modern world, it is almost inevitable that the Vatican bureaucracy should be largely Italian. But no such difficulty need obstruct the evolution of the Court of St. James's.

Royal Speeches

The advent of broadcasting gave a new importance to the spoken word, and George V, as has been said, made excellent use of the opportunity so provided. George VI did his best, but was handicapped by an impediment in his speech and by being a rather less imposing version of his father. The Duke of Edinburgh, who is a first-rate speaker, has recently moved, not without success, into the domain of television. To this the Royal Family, like all others who are engaged in public life, will have to pay increasing attention, and in fact the Queen's Christmas broadcast will this year, for the first time, be televised.

She will not, however, achieve good results with her present style of speaking, which is frankly "a pain in the neck." Like her mother, she appears to be unable to string even a few sentences together without a written text—a defect which is particularly regrettable when she can be

seen by her audience. Courtiers are apt to justify this failure to speak spontaneously with the argument that she must first and foremost guard against the danger of indiscretion or misunderstanding. But this is humbug. The occasional lapse—even if it were to occur—would do very little harm by comparison with the immense good which would be done if the Queen appeared to speak from the heart. Phrases such as "I am deeply moved" sound very hollow when they are read from a typescript. But even if the Queen feels compelled to read all her speeches, great and small, she must at least improve her method of reading them. With practice even a prepared speech can be given an air of spontaneity.

The subject-matter must also be endowed with a more authentic quality. George V, for instance, did not write his own speeches, yet they were always in character; they seemed to be a natural emanation from and expression of the man. Not so the present Queen's. The personality conveyed by the utterances which are put into her mouth is that of a priggish schoolgirl, captain of the hockey team, a prefect, and a recent candidate for Confirmation. It is not thus that she will be enabled to come into her own as an independent and distinctive character.

Summary and Introduction

The foregoing remarks may have struck some readers as intolerably disrespectful—a plain case of *lèse-majesté*. I am quite unrepentant, because I am convinced that even when it was hierarchical the British Monarchy rested more than any other upon a basis of reason and sturdy, not servile, loyalty; now that it has passed into a new phase this basis should be enlarged, not contracted. Those of us who believe that the Monarchy can survive and play an ever more beneficent part in the affairs of the Commonwealth are not content to remain silent while needless errors go uncorrected. The Monarchy cannot afford to miss any chances now, nor can its devotees afford to stand idly by while they honestly think it is missing chances.

There is no limit to what it can achieve if it perfects the change which George V inaugurated. If it can become popular in the fullest sense, without losing its romantic appeal and its numinous power; if it can extend its helpful and unifying influence to myriads who have hitherto regarded it with resentment, suspicion or indifference—then indeed it will deserve a place among the wonders of the world. To be popular it need not descend to the petty bicycleriding showmanship which some monarchs consider necessary to keep themselves in business; its gestures must not be superficial, they must be outward signs of inner sincerity and grace. Nor need the Royal Family become a tribe of nomads in order to fulfil their mission in the Commonwealth. They must indeed reside more in countries other than the United Kingdom, but residence need not be confused with perambulation. When they arrive somewhere it must not always be to the accompaniment of flags and fireworks and addresses of welcome, but rather like the moon and stars in Coleridge's incomparable description: "... that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country

and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival." It must be thus when they arrive in a country, and when they visit any individual home within it. They are, it is true, living symbols of a majestic whole; but they are also simple, friendly people, whose light is the pure light of disinterested goodness, not the harsh glare of partisanship or ambition.

In the articles which follow certain aspects of the Monarchy are given separate attention, but not in accordance with any concerted plan. Each author has naturally written as he thinks fit, and there may as a result be some overlapping and contradiction. The series is not intended to deliver a composite message, but merely to provide information and stimulate thought. There is, however, one connecting link. All the articles are written by people who think that the Queen—either as national Sovereign or as Head of the Commonwealth, or both—is a worthwhile institution; and who, in addition, and more important still, feel for her personally and wish her well in her infinitely responsible and exciting task.

ALTRINCHAM.

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY

By DERMOT MORRAH

THE social Monarchy of the British Commonwealth, which in the person of George V began to absorb the constitutional Monarchy of the United Kingdom, draws its virtue from the capacity of one man or woman to represent simultaneously, and with equal satisfaction to the emotions, the whole and the part. In one aspect the King or Queen must be a symbol of all the vast historic abstractions that fill the heart of a nation with pride of ancestry and confidence of a glorious future; on the other, every subject must be able to see, at the heart of the abstractions and beyond the chill complexities of the machinery of State, a simple human being of like passions with himself. A people that has learned—or rather, has

been bred—to keep these two concepts, the institutional and the personal, indissolubly fused is one able to practise the monarchical way of life.

There is no more important function of the Sovereign of to-day than this of holding in harmony and balance these two departments of life, the simple and the ceremonial, the individual and the community (not the State, which is only one aspect of the community); and the instrument specially fitted to her hand for the purpose is the Private Secretary. The conception of Monarchy to which the function belongs, though very ancient, has sometimes been overlaid; and it is significant that while the High Whig doctrine of constitutional kingship prevailed—say,

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from the time when Walpole began to rationalize George I to the time when Disraeli finished romanticizing Queen Victoria—there were periodic mutterings, sometimes indeed growlings, against the idea that the Sovereign should have a Private Secretary at all; that is to say, a confidential adviser not appointed by Ministers or responsible to Parliament. In deference to this view, at one time the functions of a Private Secretary were discharged by the Prince Consort or Baron Stockmar; sometimes they were discreetly veiled behind the accepted machinery of the Privy Purse; but an intermittent series of secretaries can be traced back at least as far as Sir Henry Taylor in the reign of George III. The office became firmly established by the long service of Sir Henry Ponsonby from 1870 to 1895; for the last years of her reign Queen Victoria was served by Sir Arthur Bigge, who as Lord Stamfordham was Private Secretary to George V and was the grandfather of the present incumbent, Sir Michael Adeane. To-day his work is supplemented by two Assistant Private Secretaries. It should be noted that their "assistance" is to the Queen, not to the Principal Private Secretary. That is to say, they exercise the less important functions under her direct orders; minutes and decisions are not passed up and down a ladder of authority. There is also a Press Secretary, with a lady assistant. Including even the typists, the entire secretarial corps barely runs into double figures—a tiny staff, considering the vast range of business affecting the relations of the Head of the Commonwealth with all her peoples that passes through its hands.

In an age when every minor commercial dignitary has his "private secretary," generally female, sitting in his anteroom, it perhaps needs emphasizing that a private secretary for the Sovereign is not part of the order of nature. A rigid application of the High Whig doctrine is intellectually conceivable. The Sovereign would be deprived of a private secretary and given a public secretary instead. That is to say, a small branch of the Home



Photo: Picture Post Library.

SIR MICHAEL ADEANE ARRIVING AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Office would be established inside the Royal Household, in personal attendance on the Queen wherever she might go. It would be staffed and instructed by Ministers, and changed when convenient to them. It would give to its mistress the expert, high-principled and dispassionate counsel characteristic of the Civil Service, subject always to the ultimate criterion of harmony with the views of the party in office—and this over the whole range of the Queen's activity, and not merely that sphere of her political action in which she already acts on constitutional "advice." The effect would be to contract the function of the Queen as head of society and make it co-extensive with her function as head of the State; to obliterate that neutral ground of the Constitution on which the Queen is informed of her Ministers' intentions and given the opportunity to criticize and perhaps influence them, before they are crystallized into the formal "advice" that she is bound to follow. (Of this neutral ground the

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Private Secretary is the custodian.) The Queen would be reduced to a kind of hieratic or Merovingian figure, existing only to give the sanctity of her name to political decisions. There are some people who approve of that kind of Monarchy; there are some who imagine it already exists; but in fact it is not the Monarchy that history has developed in England or that could long hold the allegiance of the Commonwealth.

The essence, then, of the Private Secretary's position is that he really is private. He exists to guard and tend the whole of that territory, political and social, in which the Queen is not controlled by politicians. This is not to deny that politicians are among the most important of the people she meets in her private territory; and therefore the Private Secretary needs to have a profound understanding of all ramifications of the political world, and to maintain a peculiar and subtle relationship with it. According to a famous analysis by Bagehot—still true after nearly a hundred years—the Sovereign has three remaining personal rights in government, the right to be consulted by her Ministers, the right to encourage and the right to warn. The late Professor Laski added the penetrating gloss that the Private Secretary has to exercise much the same functions as these in relation to the Sovereign. Merely in his capacity as her intermediary with the politicians, as with all others of her subjects, it is his duty to see that everything necessary for the discharge of her informal function in government is provided for her—that all relevant information is supplied by every department, that she has access to the opinions of every person who can give her help and whom the conventions of the Constitution permit her to consult before she forms any judgment of her own. He has to work both to keep open all her lines of communication and at the same time to select from the mass so that she is not overwhelmed with irrelevancies. But this is only the lower of the two levels on which the Private Secretary is called upon to work. Whatever particular problem may confront

the Sovereign from time to time, he will whenever possible contrive to bring to her aid the particular persons or documents that are qualified to guide her decision. But there must over and over again come occasions, some trivial, some exceedingly grave, in which the Sovereign's need is for untrammelled discussion, not with a specialist called in for the nonce, but with someone whose mind she knows and whose range of information is co-extensive with her own. Apart from her consort—who for some of these occasions is *too* near—that person can only be the Private Secretary. The sphere in which he is specially bound to act as her direct and principal adviser is that which lies outside politics, in the more formal sense, and is concerned with her wide social responsibilities as representative and interpreter of her peoples—all her peoples, especially those of the oversea Commonwealth, whose elected representatives are not at hand. It extends to her personal conduct of her non-political affairs, over much that in a subject would be considered to belong to private life; and the test of the confidence that a Private Secretary ought to have won is his ability to speak his mind without servility, even in these intimate aspects of royal demeanour, when he considers that the Sovereign's relation with or reputation among her subjects is involved.

When he thus speaks, the Private Secretary may have two distinct claims to be heard. First, it is his business to clarify and interpret for the Sovereign the broad state of public social opinion, taking care of course not to trespass on the province of Ministers, who interpret public political opinion as mediated through Parliament. For this duty it is necessary for the Private Secretary to maintain the widest possible personal contacts with all kinds of people, in order that he may be able to inform the Queen of how her actions affect the feelings of this, that and the other section, which may or may not be electorally significant, but has a claim on the consideration of a Sovereign who is trying to be representative of the parts as well as the whole. Accessibility to all who are loyal and wish

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY

to be helpful is a prime essential of the office—and, as the present writer can testify, has been scrupulously maintained by the Private Secretaries he has known. The other capacity in which the Secretary may speak with special weight to the Sovereign is as the exponent of the tradition of the kingship itself, of which by the nature of his duties he is bound to be a close student. This function is, of course, most important in the early years of a young Sovereign's reign, but will not wholly lapse even when she comes to be served by Secretaries of shorter experience than her own.

Since it is only by legal fiction that the Sovereign is infallible, occasions must sometimes arise when the Private Secretary conscientiously believes that a wrong step is about to be taken. This may be the supreme test of his quality; it is essential that he shall then have the resolution to press his opinion, even at the risk of dismissal. Such occasions are no doubt rare; but one notoriously did occur in 1936, when Sir Alexander (now Lord Hardinge of Penshurst) felt it his duty to remonstrate with Edward VIII about his demeanour in relation to Mrs. Simpson. What then followed—and the essential facts are in print—is not here directly relevant, except in so far as the Private Secretary obviously courted dismissal rather than remain silent. That was undoubtedly proper. On the other hand, it would be most improper for the Private Secretary, in pressing his opinion, to back it with the threat of resignation; for if the threat were effective it would mean that the decision was not the Sovereign's, but the Private Secretary's. He is not a Minister; he operates in a field where the decisions really are, in fact as well as in form, the Sovereign's own. He is a servant; and like a good servant he should be able to make his suggestions and see them overruled and still go on serving without awkwardness or ill-feeling on either side. Of course, if he is overruled so often that he realizes he has lost the Sovereign's confidence, he has the right of every servant to give notice; but this is quite a different thing from seeking to frustrate a particular

decision by depriving the Sovereign of the human instrument for carrying it out. A Minister may do precisely that; only by eschewing such tactics can the Private Secretary discharge his great duty of keeping the Sovereign as a human personality transparently visible to her people without intrusion of himself.

For there is no place in the constitution for that imaginary corporation which, under some such name as "the Palace," is habitually blamed in some sections of the Press for everything in the day-to-day life of royalty that does not precisely conform to the editor's preferences. The Queen is not, and must not be, moved by servants like a piece on the chessboard. If it is thought wrong, for example, that the Queen should exclude the divorced from the royal lawn at Ascot, then the critic should either call upon Ministers to interfere (as they could), or else have the courage of his convictions and direct his comments upon the Queen herself (assuming, of course, that his righteous indignation is too strong to be restrained by considerations of courtesy). It is not fair to say that "the Palace," or the Private Secretary as its spokesman, should have advised her differently; for aught the critic knows he has done, but the decision is not his. Admission to that lawn is a mark of the Queen's favour, and would lose its value if it were attributed to the favour of the Secretary, the Lord Chamberlain or any other servant.

For the Private Secretary, and all the Household, are servants of the Queen, not the Crown. The Crown is an institution; the Queen is a person, and it is their business to see that she is not institutionalized. There is indeed always a threat that the Private Secretary himself may become institutionalized; it has happened often enough in the past. The Lord Chancellor, the Lord Privy Seal, the Secretary of State—each in his day was first appointed by the Sovereign as his personal secretary, and was then made into a public functionary, responsible to Parliament, and had to be replaced by someone more intimate. Will the Victorian Private Secretary go the way of his

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Norman, Angevin and Tudor predecessors? If there is any danger of this, it might come about through his peculiar and developing position in relation to the oversea Commonwealth. Through his hands must pass the lines of communication between each of these nations and the Queen. Every one of them has its separate conception, which the Secretary must study and defer to, of what the tone and pattern of these communications should be—but all, and not least the republican members, regard them as highly important. There clearly might in some circumstances develop a pressure to create a joint organ of the Commonwealth in which these relations of the separate members with its Head should be canalized and co-ordinated. The Commonwealth Relations Office is an organ of communication not with the Sovereign but with the Government of the United Kingdom, and could

never now take up this function. But if what has been said in these pages is sound, it would be disastrous to impose the headship of such an office on the Private Secretary; for it would institutionalize him, and by consequence also the Queen, who as the living link between all her peoples requires to be thought of as a person and not an institution. Happily this pull on the Private Secretary in the direction of becoming a Commonwealth institution is only a hypothesis based on historical analogy; it has not yet been consciously felt. If a central organ for the Commonwealth is ever demanded, that is a constitutional question to be solved in a different context; it should not be allowed to disturb the valuable relationship between the Sovereign and her closest confidential servant.

DERMOT MORRAH.

FOUNDATION-STONES AND THINGS

By B. A. YOUNG

*There were two kings on thrones of gold,
The one was young, the other old.
The young one's laws were wisely made
Till someone took a hand-grenade
And threw it, shouting "Down with kings!"
The old one laid foundation-stones and things.*
(A. A. Milne)

IF you break down the thirty-four engagements which, according to *The Times's* "Diary of the Season," the Queen undertook in the months of May, June and July, they work out roughly like this: culture, three; relaxation, five; foundation-stones and things, twenty-six.

I have said "roughly" because anyone who is determined to make a contrary point can easily do so by putting a different interpretation on the nature of some of the engagements. I have counted the whole of the visit to Denmark as one, for example, and listed it under foundation-stones, though as Her Majesty was taken to the ballet in Copenhagen it might equally

well come under culture; but, on the other hand, I have called the whole week at Ascot one engagement (relaxation) and counted in the visit to the Second Test Match, although through no fault of the Queen's it did not take place.

The three cultural engagements comprise a visit to the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford, a visit to Kneller Hall and a visit to York to see the mystery plays. Kneller Hall is really almost a foundation-stone, but perhaps York makes up for it. Relaxation includes, besides Lord's and Ascot, the Cup Final, Wimbledon and the International Horse Show. Mr. Douglas Fairbanks's coming-out party for his daughter was not included in *The Times's* list.

In order to get the picture thoroughly in perspective before submitting it to analysis, here is a table showing the engagements of other members of the Royal Family in the same period:

FOUNDATION-STONES AND THINGS

ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS, MAY-JULY 1957

	Culture	Relaxation	Foundation-stones and things	
Prince Philip ..	4	4	28	"Culture" includes two television broadcasts.
Queen Mother ..	4		27	Rhodesian visit counted as one.
Princess Margaret ..	2		24	Gala première of <i>Island in the Sun</i> included under "Culture."
Duke of Gloucester		3	30	
Princess Royal ..	2		25	
Duchess of Kent ..	1	1	14	
Princess Alexandra	2	1	13	

Now if there is one thing that really stands out from this table it is that the programme cannot possibly reflect the personal predilections of the Royal Family. It could not reflect the personal predilections of any human being. What it does reflect is the fact that whoever is responsible for advising the Royal Family what engagements they should accept and what turn down is living in another age from this.

No doubt there was a time when it was deemed appropriate for every provincial municipal junketing to be graced with the presence of some royal personage. You can hear the Mayor and the Corporation discussing it: "About this new Recreation Ground, now. Who shall we get to open it like?" "Why don't we ask t' Queen?" "Ee, lad, t' Queen'd never come up to Stuffton." "We can ask her, anyway. Town Clerk 'll do it." And, providing the invitation was sent off in time, the royal visitor duly arrived, planted an oak tree, and declared the ground open, and another link was forged between the Monarchy and the People.

Unfortunately the development of transport and other factors have made it

all too easy for royalty to attend these occasions, and the gracious presence is inclined to be taken for granted. Stuffton is no longer honoured by a visit from His or Her Royal Highness; Stuffton is insulted if the Royal Highness does not make it convenient to come. As a result the whole procedure is debased and pointless and in a way rather insulting—as insulting as those ghastly outbreaks of pseudo-patriotism when crowds of ill-mannered people stand outside Buckingham Palace and shout "We want the Queen!" under the impression, no doubt, that she is a kind of vaudeville star, rating with, but above, Mr. Johnny Ray.

Hard-headed subjects of Her Majesty may argue that, now that the Queen no longer has any constitutional function worth talking about, these fixtures are the principal means by which the nation extracts value for the considerable sums it votes for the upkeep of the Monarchy. This is to fall into the same error as the Queen's advisers. Of course the Royal Family should go about and be seen by the people; it is a duty they have always recognized and for the most part loyally observed. But why must their engagements

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Photo: Associated Press.

THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET WATCHING THE EQUESTRIAN OLYMPICS, STOCKHOLM, 1956.

be so dreary? Is it really necessary for them to spend so much time opening municipal buildings, presiding at rallies of benevolent institutions ("This is a cause that has always been particularly close to my heart") or dining with politicians?

Before pursuing this aspect any further, let us turn back to our table. Just as striking as the excess of engagements in column three is the paucity of engagements under column one. You would imagine from this that, as far as the public is aware, the Royal Family enjoys no cultural life whatever.

Now there is a school of thought which maintains that this is a pity, but that there is nothing to be done about it. What is the good, this school of thought asks, of hounding the Queen into a box at the opera when it will be all too clear before the end of Act 1, Scene 1, that she is bored to tears?

This school is guilty of defeatism. The fact is that the almost complete neglect of

the arts by the Royal Family is a very serious thing and one which, in the long run, is bound to have a bad effect on the well-being of the country. We have a Royal Opera House, a Royal Academy of Arts, a Royal Festival Hall, and so on, but precious little is the encouragement they get from their illustrious patrons. It is no good saying that to-day the arts are flourishing as they never flourished before, without any help from the Palace; the arts would not even survive if they were not handsomely endowed by the State. It is even more pointless to argue that if the arts are not wanted they might just as well die out. Anyone who has ever been forced to admit that Mario Lanza is a better singer than Tommy Steele has, in his own little way, shown the fallacy of that.

I think it is likely that the Queen and her circle do not realize the dismay that is caused, not only among "egg-heads," but among ordinary averagely-intelligent

FOUNDATION-STONES AND THINGS

people by their public disregard of the things of the mind. I know of an American who, on his frequent visits to London, always asks as he books his theatre tickets, "Has the Queen seen this?" and, if the answer is yes, says, "Oh, well, I guess I'd better think of something else." It is not the Queen's fault if she does not know about such things; she has a staff at Buckingham Palace whose job it is to keep her informed on these matters, but it looks as if they are always too busy deciding which foundation-stones she is to lay.

What is required at the Palace is someone who can tell the Queen what ordinary people are interested in. It may be intolerably boring for the Royal Family to sit through *Traviata* or the Choral Symphony; but such experiences must really compare quite favourably with opening a power station, touring a factory, or reading at a dinner of pompous old men a cliché-ridden speech written by somebody else. It might prove quite a pleasing revelation to them in the long run to know that you do not have to be a Bertrand Russell to enjoy plays quite a lot more intelligent than *Salad Days*, and that thousands of people without half the educational advantages of the Royal Family do so every night.

Having broken to the Royal Household the news of the existence of culture, the Palace staff must then ensure that the Royal Family plays some part in the

cultural world. If they genuinely do not like serious music or serious plays or serious books, let them approach these things in the spirit in which they lay their foundation-stones. "I wouldn't have her job for a million a year," one hears people say as they watch a tired Queen returning from some official function; but the fact is that the Royal Family do not have a very hard life compared with most of their subjects, and it would not add significantly to their burden if they were asked to attend half a dozen theatres or concerts a month. Before *The Times* publishes its diary for the next season the Palace staff might address itself seriously to the problem of removing from the Royal programme some of the less significant affairs—turning them over, perhaps, to Lord Lieutenants and Deputy Lieutenants, at present the most under-worked functionaries in our economy—and introducing a whiff of the humanities.

Of course there will be protests from people with foundation-stones which they particularly want well and truly laid. They should not be disappointed as long as foundation-stone-laying remains in the province of royal activities. The Royal Family have plenty of time on their hands; thirty-odd public appearances in ninety days is hardly a back-breaking programme for a company whose principal *raison d'être* is the making of public appearances.

B. A. YOUNG.

THE FINANCES OF THE MONARCHY

By HUMPHRY BERKELEY

IN a message to Parliament Queen Elizabeth I has given her views on the position and status of the Monarchy. "To be a king and wear a crown is more glorious to them that see it than it is pleasure to them that bear it." If this was indeed the case in Tudor times, it is difficult to believe that the Virgin Queen

would have been any more contented with the lot of the Monarch in the days of her distant successor and namesake.

The major problem of 20th century Monarchy has been the steady and irksome growth of official duties, until the burden of them may well be too great for one individual, however young or robust,

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to carry. These duties fall into four main categories. First there is the day-to-day study of official documents which need to be signed. These follow the Monarch round wherever she may be. Readers of *The Biography of King George V*, by Harold Nicolson, will recall that this routine involves several hours' work each day. Then there are the official audiences that have to be granted; the number constantly increases as new countries achieve full Commonwealth status. There is the remorseless round of public functions and appearances which involve the presence of the Queen, and the frequent visits which have to be paid to different parts of the country. Added to this there are State visits, and visits to member countries of the Commonwealth, which seem to grow each year. In 1957, for example, the Queen has toured Nigeria and has paid State visits to Portugal, France and Denmark. In the autumn she is to visit Canada and the United States. All these developments have taken place at a time when there are fewer members of the Royal Family to ease the burden on the Queen than at any period in the last eighty years. It is in this context that the financial needs of the Monarchy should be judged.

In considering the cost of the Royal Family it is not sufficiently understood that at the beginning of each reign the Crown surrenders the income from the Crown Lands and small branches of hereditary revenue in exchange for the Civil List, which takes the form of an annual grant voted by Parliament. Since the annual income from the surrendered Crown property is rarely under £1 million, and the Queen's Civil List stands at £475,000 a year, it is clear that the Exchequer comes well out of this particular transaction. But in order to put the position quite fairly it should be pointed out that the Crown Lands are not subject to death duties, and that before William III handed over the receipts from Crown Lands and other Royal property in exchange for a Parliamentary grant the Monarchy was expected to run the country out of these monies with occasional, if growing, help from Parliament.

If one were to ignore the revenue from the Crown Lands and to regard the Civil List as a simple charge on the taxpayer it is instructive to compare the expense of the Monarchy with that of the heads of other States. The President of the United States receives a flat salary of 100,000 dollars a year, but all his living expenses are found. The Dutch Monarchy, which is more strictly comparable, receives a grant of £200,000 a year which, in addition to providing for the Queen and Prince Bernhard, maintains the two royal palaces. The cost of maintaining our Monarchy, with its world-wide commitments, is therefore barely double that of the Dutch Monarchy. (This does not, it is true, take into account the establishment of Governors-General.)

In 1937 the Civil List of King George VI, as fixed by the Civil List Act of 1937, was as follows:—

Class		
I.	His Majesty's Privy Purse	£110,000
II.	Salaries of His Majesty's Household and retired allowance £134,000
III.	Expenses of His Majesty's Household £152,800
IV.	Royal Bounty, alms and special services £13,200
	Total £410,000

In addition, the net revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster, which average about £90,000 a year, go to the Sovereign by inheritance. Provision (which is taxable) was made for Queen Mary, the Duke of Gloucester and other members of the Royal Family in the Act of 1937. This was separately charged on the Consolidated Fund, and did not form part of the Civil List.

The Civil List of 1937 of £410,000 compared with one of equal value fixed for George V in 1910 and one of £470,000 fixed for Edward VII in 1901. If one takes into account the rise in the cost of living, which has probably quadrupled since the beginning of the century, it is a remarkable feat of economy that the Queen's Civil List is only £5,000 more than

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that fixed for her great-grandfather in 1901. The present Civil List is as follows:

Class		
I.	Her Majesty's Privy Purse	£60,000
II.	Salaries of Her Majesty's Household and retired allowances	£185,000
III.	Expenses of Her Majesty's Household	£121,000
IV.	Royal Bounty, alms and special services	£13,200
V.	Supplementary Provision	£95,000

There were several new features of the 1952 Civil List. It was granted to the Queen alone; separate provision (the sum of £40,000 a year) was made for the Duke of Edinburgh from the Consolidated Fund. The Queen's Privy Purse was reduced by £33,000 a year (and Class II by £7,000), and she made a voluntary sacrifice of a further £17,000. Some items of expenditure were transferred from the Civil List to Departmental Votes, notably the wages of industrial staff engaged on the maintenance of the Royal Palaces. An entirely separate item has been allowed for in the granting of a Supplementary Provision of £95,000 a year.

This margin has been provided for two purposes. First, in the expectation that the present reign would be a long one it was thought desirable that the Crown should be protected against possible rises in costs. Secondly, it was suggested that up to £25,000 a year of this provision should be available for the Queen to provide for any members of the Royal Family, who are rightly precluded from earning their living in a normal way, and were yet unprovided for from the Consolidated Fund. Another change from the previous reign is in the disposition of the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall during the minority of the present Duke. Until his eighteenth birthday one-ninth of the net revenues of the Duchy will be available for the maintenance of the Duke. From the age of eighteen to twenty-one this sum will be increased to £30,000 a year. From the age of twenty-one the



Photo: Camera Press.

LORD TRYON, KEEPER OF THE PRIVY PURSE.

revenues of the Duchy will accrue to him in full. In the meantime, for ten years, £80,000 a year (and for a further three years £60,000) will be available from this source to offset against the Civil List. This is another example of the Treasury striking a good bargain out of the existing arrangement.

At the time that the Civil List was debated in the House of Commons the Labour Party opposed the introduction of a Supplementary Provision of £95,000 a year on the grounds that it would be preferable to have a statutory review of the Royal finances every ten years. It is difficult to see any advantages in this proposal. Whenever the subject is debated in Parliament someone can always be found to recommend the conversion of Buckingham Palace or Holyroodhouse into council flats. In fact, such a proposal would mean a flood of ill-informed comments at statutory intervals.

Any impartial investigator cannot fail to be impressed by the degree of economy that has resulted from the recent administration of the Royal Finances. It is

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arguable that Classes II and III of the Civil List should be transferred to departmental votes, but, as the Select Committee on the Civil List observed, the Royal Establishment is both a State establishment and a family household. It is exceedingly difficult to distinguish between the two and it is certain that such a distinction would produce no economy. It may well be that the time has come for doing away with Presentation Parties for debutantes, but this is on social grounds rather than on grounds of economy, which would in fact be very small. Some people have criticized the expenditure of over £2 million on the

Royal Yacht *Britannia*, and the existence of the Queen's Flight, which do not of course appear on the Civil List at all. Most would probably agree that the exacting travelling life that Royalty leads deserves the proper provision of physical comfort.

It is inevitable that a Monarchy should prove more costly than a Republic. Our Monarchy gives us dignity, ceremony and pageantry, without vulgarity, ostentation or extravagance. One can also say, without disrespect, that it gives us more than value for money.

HUMPHRY BERKELEY.

ASIA AND THE HEAD OF THE COMMONWEALTH

By ROBERT TAMITEGAMA

THE relationship between the Queen and the Commonwealth is something that has never been quite satisfactorily explained. Writers attempting to define it are known to become hopelessly dazzled by the mystique of monarchy and succeed in confusing themselves and their readers. The subject seems to have the unfortunate property of producing in them exactly the same responses which kingship evoked in the old apologists of the divine origin. At best, this kind of word-juggling contrives to create only a vague feeling, which is beyond logic and defies analysis. So, for instance, to describe the Queen-Commonwealth connection as a "magic" or "mysterious" link, with its pseudo-religious undertones, may well satisfy the peoples of Australia, New Zealand and Canada, where references to royalty can be counted upon to produce the stock responses. And, of course, it must not be forgotten, the link between these countries and the Queen is a very real one, based as it is primarily on colour and a common European tradition, and, to a lesser extent, on religion.

But what of the Asian members of the

Commonwealth? Can they too pretend to sense and appreciate this indefinable link? These are countries that had an almost continuous monarchist history up to the time of their conquest or annexation by European invaders. British rule imposed upon them its own monarchist tradition, but this quite failed to provide the historical continuity. The Durbars and State occasions, the lavishly distributed honours were a thin dressing beneath which the feudal structure was fast breaking up. Then again there were the nationalist movements, which, consciously or otherwise, worked towards making the gap between the occupying nation and the occupied more and more wide and unbridgeable. It was hardly surprising then that, in this atmosphere, any sentiment which smacked of allegiance to an alien crown should have acquired an especial unpleasantness.

One of the first acts of India and Pakistan, shortly after they became independent, was to declare themselves republics—a move that automatically broke the more immediate link with the British Crown. Soon Ceylon is likely to follow suit. This

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Photo : P. A.—Reuter.

SCENE DURING THE ROYAL VISIT TO CEYLON, SPRING, 1954.

is a logical step in the political evolution of Asia. Besides, Asian monarchy has continued to be feudal for so long after feudalism had become "unfashionable" in the West that people have shed their illusions about the value of kings and queens in society. They would sooner become sentimental about a dead monarch than enthuse over a live one.

Yet, for all that, the Asian member-nations continue to acknowledge the Queen as the Head of the Commonwealth. Nor is there any reason to fear that they will not do so in the future. Apart from distance, which may lend some enchantment to the view, the main reason is that the Crown has, of course, no control over the executive in the independent countries. It has also been made clear that acceptance of the Queen as the Head of the Commonwealth does in no way diminish the sovereignty of the country concerned.

It speaks much for the structure of the Commonwealth and the invisible bonds

that bind its members together that, despite the prophets of gloom who wanted to "scuttle" the non-white member-nations in order to retreat into a purely white Commonwealth, the structure has weathered some real crises. The strength of the Commonwealth lies in the fact that it is an association of free and *equally* independent nations. Its greatest assets are that the heads of the various units are always available for consultation (one can well imagine the protocol and other hurdles that would spring up between these countries under any other system) and they all have the right to disagree with and criticize one another.

In this context it would be foolish for the United Kingdom to expect the Asian nations of the Commonwealth to accord the Queen more than a symbolic place in the structure. The nationalist upsurge in Asia makes it even more difficult to find an adequate role for the Queen in the Commonwealth. Newly independent

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countries are inclined to be touchy on such matters. It goes without saying that any attempt to give the Crown a more than symbolic function in the Commonwealth would be strongly resented and resisted by all its members—especially by the Asian members. It is significant that the official communiqué issued when India became a republic contained the following sentence: "The Government of India have, however, declared and affirmed India's desire to continue her full membership of the Commonwealth of Nations and her acceptance of the King as the symbol of the free association of its independent member nations and as such the Head of the Commonwealth." The operative phrase is "acceptance of the King as the symbol of the free association of its independent member nations." A revolutionary concept, if ever there was one, but one that fits easily into the pattern of democracy evolved in the British Isles.

Yet the question must be asked: what is this symbol worth? Can it ever become more than a symbol to Asia's millions? It would be easy to answer these questions with optimism—easy, if one allowed oneself to be influenced by the fact that the British Crown, with an almost continuous history going back many centuries, still continues to exercise a kind of fairy-tale hypnosis on the common man. Britons who have lived in Ceylon will recall the faded oleographs of Queen Victoria and prints of later rulers that still hang on the walls of daub-and-wattle huts in the villages. They will remember the wild, spontaneous enthusiasm with which the Queen was greeted when she visited the Island not long ago. They will note the avidity with which the newspaper reader follows the activities of the Royal Family. But it would be unwise to draw any serious conclusions from these phenomena.

Nationalism tends to substitute local "heroes" for the Queen symbol. These are either ancient rulers, whose despotism has become mellow through the centuries or more recent figures who made their names in colonial struggles. The time will come (if it has not already come) when the

names of Nehru, Jinnah and D. S. Senanayake will mean more to the peoples of India, Pakistan and Ceylon than that of the British monarch. It is difficult to see why this should be a matter of regret to Britain. The Queen is only a constitutional monarch, working through Parliament. As Head of the Commonwealth she represents the unifying element in the association. But her presence at the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference (which is the most important meeting of the Commonwealth) is not even considered essential. Consultation with her has been reduced to a polite fiction. Various suggestions have been made to strengthen the Queen's position: that she should spend a part of each year in a different country of the Commonwealth; that she should open Commonwealth Parliaments and that she should make frequent visits to the member countries.

None of these is likely to affect Asia very much. None of these can possibly give the Queen a bigger role in the Commonwealth than she plays to-day. What might happen is that while recognizing the British monarch as the head of the Commonwealth, its various units may one day become restless for a share of the huzzahs—at least, of the leadership. Only recently voices were raised demanding that the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference should take place in other capitals besides London. This has for the moment received no official backing from Commonwealth governments because they feel they have neither the money nor the organizational facilities to conduct such meetings. All these movements will as time goes on tend to reduce the status of the Queen, *vis-à-vis* the Commonwealth, to that of a charming figurehead. And why not? It takes nothing away from the Crown that Parliament has not already taken away. And it certainly will make the task of accommodating the Crown within the framework of the Commonwealth, such as it is to-day, much easier.

ROBERT TAMITEGAMA.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

A WALKING COLLECTION*

By ERIC GILLETT

IN the sixth volume of the Yale Editions of the *Private Papers of James Boswell* the mercurial young man is shown in search of a wife. It is the happiest and most pleasant of the series up to date.

In the three years described, 1766-69, he arrived, as his editors point out, "at the greatest degree of maturity he was to reach." He became a qualified lawyer and notes with pride his first successes in the courts. With the publication of his *Account of Corsica* he became known internationally as an author, and he married his cousin, Margaret Montgomerie. This marriage was perhaps the most remarkable of his many extraordinary achievements. The old and erroneous belief that Boswell was only a kind of human dictaphone has long been shown to be far wide of the mark. He was a scholar with a considerable range of reading. Socially he was usually a great success, except when he drank unwisely and became quarrelsome and silly.

It is difficult to know how Boswell managed to write as much as he did. He seems to have kept copies even of long letters. This new book gives numerous instances of the detachment with which he recorded his own behaviour. He was often able, not only in conversation with Johnson, to start a controversial conversation, although he knew it was certain to result in a vicious slap from the enraged bear's paw. It is all very entertaining.

Among the ladies who figure in these pages are Girolama Piccolomini; Euphemia, the gardener's daughter of twenty-three; Mrs. Dodds, who became the mother of his illegitimate daughter, Sally. These might be called his "flirts." The girls he seriously thought of marrying were the Dutch girl, Zélide; his cousin, Miss Bosville, of Yorkshire; the unknown Miss B., destined to become an heiress; Catherine Blair, a distant cousin and also an heiress; a lovely Irish girl, Mary Ann Boyd; and, best of them all, his cousin, Margaret Montgomerie.

Miss Montgomerie was two years older than he was. They had always been great friends. To her Boswell was frank about his swiftly varying affections. He talked to her openly and compared the possibilities of the

other young women as a suitable wife for him. Peggy, as he called her, even accompanied Boswell to Ireland on one of these matrimonial expeditions, but halfway across the Irish Sea it seems to have dawned upon the young man that Peggy was the pick of the bunch. A charming portrait of her, which is the frontispiece, will assure readers that he was right. Peggy has a delightful open Scottish face. The unknown artist has given her unusually large hands. They seem to belong to somebody else, but the expression of the face is shrewd. One feels that, except in her husband, she would not tolerate errors of taste or behaviour. Her letters are frank, and the reply to Boswell's proposal of marriage is strictly practical. It begins, "I have thought fully as you desired, and in answer to your letter I accept of your terms, and shall do everything in my power to make myself worthy of you." It is only later in the letter that she mentions her affections. "My heart determines my choice. May the Almighty grant his blessing and protection, and we need not be afraid; His providence extends over all the earth so that wherever you go I shall willingly accompany you and hope to be happy." Poor Margaret! In the years to come she must often have felt in need of Divine protection.

There are some particularly interesting details about Lord Auchinleck. Boswell realized that he was a man of real worth, "with a strict regard to truth and to honour," but his son found him cold and unimaginative.

* *Boswell in Search of a Wife*, 1766-1769. Edited by Frank Brady and Frederick A. Pottle. Heinemann. 30s.

Sainte-Beuve. By Harold Nicolson. Constable. 25s.

Bertrand Russell: The Passionate Sceptic. By Alan Wood. Allen and Unwin. 21s.

Isambard Kingdom Brunel. By L. T. C. Rolt. Longmans. 25s.

Dickens at Work. By John Butt and Kathleen Tillotson. Methuen. 25s.

Silk Hats and No Breakfast. Notes on a Spanish Journey. By Honor Tracy. Methuen. 15s.

Afghan Interlude. By Oliver Rudston de Baer. Chatto and Windus. 21s.

The Muses are Heard. By Truman Capote. Heinemann. 13s. 6d.

Poems of Many Years. By Edmund Blunden. Collins. 18s.

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tive. He was difficult to talk to and if he disliked anything said so vehemently. The tragedy of their relationship was similar to that of many other fathers and sons. They did not really understand each other.

The contradiction in Boswell's temperament emerges more clearly in the present volume than it has done before. He once told Peggy that "a disposition to melancholy and the most violent passion for the family of Auchinleck make a part of my very existence." He was very volatile. At times he could be so melancholy that he feared for his sanity. He was never able to shake himself free from his father's opinion of him. He loved to play the great man, and when he did so his behaviour often became a caricature of what he wanted it to be. This accounts for his nickname of "Corsica" Boswell and for his extraordinary masquerade as an armed chief at Garrick's Shakespeare Jubilee in Stratford-upon-Avon.

The editing by the two professors of English at Yale University is everything that could be desired. The notes are full and very much to the point. As the editor comments in the Introduction, Boswell is presented as a private individual rather than as a public figure, and it is good to know that Professor Pottle is at work now on a full-scale biography which should do much to correct any deficiencies in perspective. When Boswell was drinking tea with his friend, Francis Stewart, in an Oxford coffee house, he prides himself on being in his best form as a raconteur, and Mr. Stewart remarked, "You are an extraordinary man, and have had extraordinary good fortune in meeting with such a singular variety. It has been said that Mr. Johnson is a walking library. You are a walking collection of men." It seems to be a fair summing up of an extraordinary character.

Where Boswell's life was all vivid light contrasting with the darkest of shades, *Sainte-Beuve*, who is the subject of an agreeable and entertaining book by Sir Harold Nicolson, might be said to have remained in the shadows throughout his life. Sir Harold does not claim much originality for his work. As he says, his main authority has been Monsieur André Billy, whose biography, which appeared in 1952, is the standard work on the author of the *Causeries de Lundi*.

It seems that Sir Harold's former teacher of French language and literature had the habit of ending his lessons with the words, "Lisez! Lisez! Lisez! Sainte-Beuve!" an injunction which he has dutifully obeyed. *Sainte-Beuve* was a man who suffered throughout his life

from his inability to order it with dignity. His sexual affairs were often deplorable, but his writing had a consistent urbanity which makes him very readable indeed. Anyone who reads the *Causeries* finds himself equipped with a wide acquaintance with French literature and the French attitude towards life. One of the most remarkable of *Sainte-Beuve*'s talents was his gift of understanding, his insight into the mentality of others and his ability to "interpret past centuries and distant ways of life and thought in their correct proportion." Naturally he had his own prejudices and affections, but he preferred moderation to emphasis and he habitually preferred understatement to a more florid exposition. He was a born critic, astonishingly impartial, and he had the ability to dwell on the virtues of his subjects rather than on their defects. In other words, he understood, as all the great critics have done, that the critic's task is primarily one of appreciation.

Sir Harold, as always, gets to the root of the matter without any apparent effort. He presents the essentials of a complex and not altogether appealing personality. Not long before *Sainte-Beuve* died he said to the Goncourts, "My integrity is the guarantee of my talent," and that is one of the reasons why so many people read his works with pleasure and reward to-day.

Mr. Alan Wood, who was the first Australian to become President of the Union at Oxford, where he read philosophy, has done a good deal of lecturing for the Oxford Delegacy for Extra-Mural Studies, and two of the chapters of *Bertrand Russell: The Passionate Sceptic* were first published in this form. It should be pointed out, however, that only four chapters are concerned solely with philosophy. Mr. Wood is preparing a study of the development of Russell's philosophy for future publication.

This is a study drawn from life in which the author has obtained from his subject new information about his way of working as a philosopher. It also informs the reader why Earl Russell told the Governor of Brixton Prison that he wanted an orang-outang, and why he praised a gasometer at Oxford. Mr. Wood notes with regret that there is little sign yet of anyone building some great new philosophy in continuation of Russell's work, and he refers to various occasions on which Bertrand Russell has spoken so provocatively that it is easy to understand the varying feelings about him held and expressed by other philosophers. It was in 1950 that he remarked, "The only thing I see in which

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Catholicism is better than Communism is that it is older. Religion is like wine—it improves with age." Until recently it appears that Lord Russell has been wondering whether he was getting too respectable. "I have always thought respectable people scoundrels," he said, "and I look anxiously at my face every morning for signs of my becoming a scoundrel." When the National Broadcasting Company of America recorded a television interview for his eightieth birthday, a Customs official seized the film when it reached New York and was reported to have said: "Russell? He's the guy who wrote about sex, isn't he? Then it will have to be censored."

Mr. Wood has done a difficult task well. His book is entertaining and informative.

Isambard Kingdom Brunel, of whom Mr. L. T. C. Rolt has written the first full biography to appear since 1870, could well be made the leading figure of an extremely sensational film. When the Thames Tunnel was inundated, Brunel, engineer-in-charge at the age of twenty, was nearly killed. He was concerned in the building of the Great Western Railway and in the Bristol Riots. He nearly lost his life again in the fire in the steamship *Great Western*. He was concerned with the first transatlantic crossings by steam-operated ships. He built the great Saltash Bridge, and he assisted in the construction and launching of the ill-famed *Great Eastern*. It may be said that this ship was directly responsible for Brunel's financial ruin and his death when he was only fifty-two.

Brunel was a lively, magnetic character and in writing about him Mr. Rolt has many interesting things to say about the beginnings of the railway age in Great Britain. He is right in thinking that in every period of history men are born who are mysteriously endowed with such an excess of creative power that it can be truly said that they are born to greatness. In youth Brunel was gay, witty and high-spirited, but this was a façade which masked a profound melancholy, and this eventually led to his own personal disaster.

The purpose of *Dickens at Work*, by Professor John Butt and Mrs. Tillotson, is to examine Dickens's novels in the light of the conditions under which he wrote them. Considerable evidence was left about these conditions, and up to the time of their book, *Dickens at Work*, it has been generally neglected. The most interesting thing is the information given about the effect of serial writing upon Dickens's novels, and in discussing this subject the authors have con-

cerned themselves with the conditions of publication of Victorian fiction.

This is a book which will appeal far more to the Dickens specialist, the reader who returns again and again to the novels, than to anyone else. It is a scholarly enquiry which I found consistently helpful and easy to read. It throws light on a little-studied aspect of 19th-century fiction.

With her *Kakemono* Miss Honor Tracy established herself as one of the brightest of contemporary travel writers. In fact, she was almost too lively, but her quick observation and strong sense of the ludicrous made *Kakemono* one of the most entertaining of recent travel books, and a similar compliment can be paid to her for *Silk Hats and No Breakfast*, which describes an unconventional Spanish journey from Algeciras through Estremadura to the little-known north-west province of Galicia. In Cadiz she saw the Franco régime as it really is. In Jerez she revelled in the lavish hospitality of the wine shippers; at Zafra she watched a remarkable form of Spanish entertainment, a comic bull fight.

Miss Tracy puts herself on friendly terms with an enormous range of people. The Spaniards were perpetually surprised because she travelled alone, and she reports their comments upon her most complacently. Her wit crackles steadily throughout the book, and occasionally one wishes she was not so constantly lively. That is the only criticism to make on a brave performance, which I imagine is much more agreeable in retrospect than it was in reality.

It was in 1955 that four Cambridge undergraduates decided to spend the long vacation in Afghanistan. They showed considerable enterprise in organizing themselves into an expedition, and managed to acquire a Land Rover and a large quantity of stores of all kinds from manufacturers who felt that their products might get some publicity from their gifts.

Mr. Oliver Rudston de Baer describes this *Afghan Interlude* in a racy, friendly book, illustrated by excellent photographs. Nothing sensational was attempted, but the four young men found out a very great deal about the Afghan people and their relationships with their neighbours. I found *Afghan Interlude* unpretentious and pleasant. It has the oddest dedication I have ever read, "To an overdraft at Lloyds Bank, Cambridge." It exists no longer.

It was in December 1955, as Mr. Truman Capote points out, that two dogs and ninety-

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four Americans, members of the American production of *Porgy and Bess*, left East Berlin to travel to Leningrad where Gershwin's opera was to have its Russian premiere. Mr. Capote went with the party, and his lively account covers the eight days between the train's departure and the first night in Leningrad.

Parts of this book, in an altered form, appeared originally in the *New Yorker*, and it may be said that *The Muses are Heard* reaches the highest *New Yorker* standards. Mr. Capote is an adept at dead-pan humour. He reports the doings of the impresario, the needs of the more temperamental of the artists, and the odd behaviour of a deplorable dog, Twerp. The Russians are given a fair deal, but the picture of life in Leningrad, the delays, the badly-cooked food, the inadequate plumbing, the overpowering suspicion, although they have all been done before, have never been conveyed with quite such devastating humour as in this most laughable and somehow pathetic book. The pathos does not derive altogether from Russian behaviour. Mr. Capote seems to have realized very clearly that his compatriots made a notable contribution to the Russian circus of oddity.

For nearly forty years one poet, Mr. Edmund Blunden, has continued to write sincere and able English traditional poetry. As Mr. Blunden says, "Poetry is as much a part of the universe as mathematics and physics. It is not a clever device or recreation, unless the Eternal is clever."

The author of *Undertones of War* is indeed a poet of true accomplishment, who ranges easily from a tribute to W. R. Hammond, the cricketer, to the poems he wrote out of his personal experience about the First War. *Poems of Many Years* is a collection of the very best of this gifted writer's verse. It is hard to imagine anything more English. Professor Blunden is a connoisseur of the best things in the heritage of England. Those who do not admire the strain and stress of the younger writers will find in Edmund Blunden a gifted poet with a sense of perspective and tradition. It may be that his tenure of the Chairs of English, some years ago in Tokyo, and now in Hong Kong, have helped him to a detached point of view.

ERIC GILLETT.

By an unfortunate error Professor C. A. Trypanis, author of *The Stones of Troy*, reviewed in our June issue, was stated to be dead. We are happy to say that Professor Trypanis is very much alive.

GARBLED IN TRANSMISSION

NOSTALGIA: A PSYCHOANALYTIC STUDY OF MARCEL PROUST. By Milton L. Miller, M.D. *Gollancz*. 21s.

PROUST'S WAY: AN ESSAY IN DESCRIPTIVE CRITICISM. By Georges Piroué, translated by Gerard Hopkins. *Heinemann*. 15s.

I DARE SAY it is a great relief for a psychoanalyst to turn from his own case-books to something better written—like Proust's novel. Far be it from me to interfere with anyone's leisure, and I can see that, for Dr. Milton, "to speculate as to the type of trauma he (Proust) suffered in his early experiences" (p. 159) may be a fine hobby and may provide a cosy topic amongst colleagues at the end of the day when the springs of the couches relax in their turn. "To speculate." Why not? The result, I suspect, gives as much information about the author himself as about Proust.

The style of the work is not uneven: "What we see in both the tragic story of Jupien's niece, and again in the Marquise of the comfort station, is the infantile oral and anal theory of impregnation as a process related to the gastro-intestinal tract, and birth as a dangerous anal product, a gift, but at the same time related to death" (p. 257). If you like that kind of writing, go ahead and buy—you'll get your guinea's worth.

M. Piroué's book, on the other hand, is a most valuable and incisive meditation upon the art of Proust. However, it demands of the reader a reasonable acquaintance with *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* and the willingness to meditate himself. The author enfolds—with great succinctness—not so much a connected argument as a series of related arguments, which from time to time are drawn together to form a partial conclusion. At most stages during this process he both carries substantial conviction and provokes profitable thought. This is not a book to be summarized in a few lapidary sentences, and I prefer to give a brief specimen of M. Piroué's manner. In the fine chapter, "Les Autres," having shown that Proust's notion of time enabled him to observe, like an astronomer, beyond trivial disappointments the vast movement that provoked them, he points out that Proust then deserts '*l'infiniment grand*' for '*l'infiniment petit*', and relinquishes telescope for microscope in his examination of homosexuality. (The Pascalian reference is no accident; M. Piroué's antithetical expository style, with its compelling though sometimes precious images, owes much to the

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Art de Persuader.) What is striking is the development that follows.

Lorsqu'il étudiait l'effet de la durée sur ses personnages, il séparait en physicien classique énergie et matière. Il ne se posait pas plus de questions sur l'origine de la première que sur le pouvoir de réaction de la seconde. Plus le temps lui apparaissait sous la forme d'une machine de précision, plus il lui était nécessaire de croire l'humanité passive. Mais aussitôt qu'il se penche sur l'inversion et son inconcevable revendication anarchique, il rend à l'homme la liberté dont ses précédentes spéculations l'avaient privé. L'individu n'est plus à ses yeux une masse inerte entraînée dans un tourbillon, mais une force indépendante, capricieuse, impossible à apprivoiser—une sorte de fusée propulsée par sa propre combustion. Proust est bien près, en physicien moderne, de ne plus distinguer l'énergie et la matière . . . Par une extraordinaire anticipation, Proust devine, en s'occupant du problème des sexes, ce que sera l'indéterminisme de la science contemporaine et en fait profiter l'art du roman.

This seems to me to demand reflection, and there are many paragraphs of similar quality in the book.

I have quoted the original text partly because an important sentence (*Plus—passive*) is omitted by Mr. Hopkins, and partly because in fairness to M. Piroué the serious reader should not rely on what is a very slipshod English version. It is not that the translation reads all that badly—indeed it has a few felicitous renderings—but that it is bespattered with errors. In the 135 printed pages I have come across nearly 150 inaccuracies. Some of these are only minor falsifications of atmosphere, but at least twenty-six are elementary mistakes in vocabulary or grammar. I have space for but a few examples.

Page 4: "The ghost of an old belfry sounds the hours above a chequer-board of roofs."

The image is that of a sundial and should read "The shadow of an old belfry marks the hours upon . . ."

Page 27: "The religion of the man who looks into himself, is conscious of himself, is constantly analysing himself, finds expression in sounds and words. Only the exigencies of art respond to Proust's yearning for the Absolute."

Literal translation: "The religion of what can be seen (La religion de ce qui se voit), felt, fingered, or expressed in sounds and words, esthetic exigency—these two alone (seules) respond to Proust's yearning for the absolute."

(*Ce qui* confused with *celui qui*—well-known A level trap.)

Page 88: "... some strange future . . ." should be "... the stranger-to-be . . ." (The text reads '*la future étrangère*' not 'le futur étrange'.)

Page 91: "The narrator must abstain from questioning her, or if he yields to the temptation and gets an answer, must express no doubts of her veracity. Abstain he does . . ."

The last part should in fact say the opposite—" . . . gets an answer must suspect its veracity. This he does . . ." This error—not surprisingly—makes nonsense of the rest of the paragraph.

The French edition is published by Les Editions de la Baconnière, Neuchâtel, Switzerland. It appeared in 1955, is very attractively produced (there are one or two misprints however) and costs 4s. less than the volume under review.

MERLIN THOMAS.

DIFFICULT REFORMER

HENRY BROUGHAM. By Frances Hawes. *Jonathan Cape.* 25s.

MRS. HAWES'S excellent biography is concerned less with Brougham's political intrigues than with his personality and his permanent achievement. She rightly insists on what is his enduring memorial—his untiring work for slaves, for popular education, for Law reform. Above all, she has to account for the dramatic fact that, as Member for Yorkshire on the eve of the Great Reform Ministry, he was the most powerful political figure in Great Britain and yet that, by 1836, his career was finished.

How was this? Not his origins—there were politicians of less respectable birth, even if to Princess Lieven he was an "upstart"; not his advanced ideas—he was a reformer of abuses, not a demolisher of "systems," compelling the Duke's admiration, and a cherished guest at Strathfield Saye; not, in his earlier years, his occasionally morbid personality which Mrs. Hawes stresses as a possible result of "putrid fever"—Chatham, Castlereagh, Romilly had darker sides. His real political fault was a lack of dignity, of calculated reticence and reserve in an age of personal politics. "He talks, God knows," wrote Melbourne. His readiness to serve in coalitions was too well known; his attempts to catch a favourable political breeze too transparent (he alienated Whigs and radicals alike by his cavalier attitude to pledges on the vital issue of Parliamentary reform); his use of the

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Press and his stumping of Scotland, when Lord Chancellor, "like a quack doctor," were too blatant for an age which swallowed Canning's courting of public opinion and Palmerston's cosetting of the Press. Moreover, he needed careful watching if he was to be made to work in Cabinet, alarming colleagues by introducing Bills as Government measures which they had not discussed. It was not that he was too clever—to lecture on optics in Paris does not exclude a man from political power—but he lacked political tact, or, as Mrs. Hawes puts it, the gift of timing.

What ruined him was the combination of these failings and the use made of them by Whig grandees. Melbourne made it quite clear why he refused Brougham office in 1836. In spite of his talents it would take too much time handling him to be worth the effort. If, as Lord Attlee has observed, the secret of success in Cabinet is to stop people talking, Melbourne no doubt felt fully justified. A lazy and cowardly decision, it drove to extremes those very qualities which counted against Brougham, and gave an *ex post facto* justification to Melbourne. On top of the Whig's "ingratitude, baseness and treachery" came his daughter's death. He really did become mad and incalculable in the late 'thirties. Had he not let himself be entombed in the House of Lords he might yet have forced himself on the Government. Political resurrection could only have come through postponing illusions of immediate office and a genuine espousal of the "radical line." This Brougham had always refused to do.

Perhaps he liked society too much and perhaps that was his intimate tragedy. If he had not refused he might have found in the "people of England," whom he, more than any other man, worked to educate, sounder friends than among the Greys, the Cowpers, the Lambs, and their much admired, but politically ineffectual, world. These men could hold on to power precisely because a powerful radical movement failed to develop on the Left of the Whigs. This is the mystery of English history in the 19th century and involved in this mystery are the contradictions and complexities of Brougham's character.

RAYMOND CARR.

Secrets of Suez, by Merry and Serge Bromberger (translated by James Cameron) will be reviewed next month by Guy Wint, who writes the following notice.

SPECIAL PLEADING

THE MOST IMPORTANT COUNTRY. By John Connell. Cassell. 16s.

M R. CONNELL'S narrative of the Suez crisis is comprehensive, suave and unconvincing. It has sweep, and it also describes detail. It presents the character of the men who made the crisis and also the forces which propelled the men. But Mr. Connell's aim is not only to tell the story; he wishes to draw its moral. He quotes Thucydides as the inspirer of his book. "It will be enough for me," said Thucydides, "if these words of mine are judged useful by those who want to understand clearly the events which happened in the past, and which (human nature being what it is) will, at some time or other and in much the same ways, be repeated in the future." Mr. Connell thinks that the Suez crisis is one of the episodes which for a long while in the future may continue to be instructive for the conduct of international affairs. It can become a test-book case. That is probably true. But what are the lessons which Mr. Connell wishes us to learn?

It is not easy to say. He thinks that an opposition party ought to resolve not to act as the Labour Party, and Mr. Gaitskell, did during the crisis. He believes that they were mainly bent on using the crisis to force a change of Government in Britain. He seems unwilling to suppose that many members of the Labour Party were genuinely convinced that the Government was leading us into deadly danger. In such circumstances, is it not the duty of the Opposition to oppose, even at the risk of being disorderly in the House of Commons? Mr. Connell's second lesson seems to be that in lawless circumstances a Government which is bent on avoiding general war must take just the kind of action which Sir Anthony Eden tried to take.

That is the heart of the matter. Mr. Connell quotes the letter of Gilbert Murray: "It is strictly a question of international law, and our system of international law is not complete. The United Nations was intended to have a means of enforcing the law; it has no such means." Murray said that if Nasser had not been checked there was danger that there would come into being a coalition of Arab, Moslem, Asiatic and anti-Western states, led nominally by Egypt, but really by Russia; the aim of the British and French action was to stop this. Mr. Connell seems to accept this. He goes further. The aim was "the reassertion of civilization's needs

SPECIAL PLEADING

By John

and rights and responsibilities " in the Middle East. In other words, Nasser had betrayed these needs. Britain and France proposed to check him—and if international law was not on their side it was right for them to take the law into their own hands.

To-day, nine months after the crisis, these justifications can be looked at fairly dispassionately. Let it be admitted that circumstances may indeed exist in which governments which are normally law-abiding must make their own law. The odd thing about the Suez affair as handled by the British and French was that it was an almost perfect case-history of how not to carry out such a delicate operation. The two Governments defeated their own purpose. Did the British Government even know what its purpose was? It is not clear. Ministers made several conflicting statements, and it is quite possible that this was not Machiavellism, but reflected muddle-mindedness in Eden and in the Cabinet. Whether the aim was to stop a forest fire, or to stop Nasser, or to frustrate Russia, or to safeguard the Canal, or to force the United Nations to blanket the quarrel between the Arabs and Israel—and all were propounded—the steps actually taken by Britain were such as should have been rejected in advance by any cool calculating political intelligence. It is not a matter of being wise after the event. One of the continuing mysteries of Suez is that trained politicians should have acted with such stupidity as the Eden Cabinet.

Mr. Connell regards Mr. Dulles as the architect of disaster, as indeed he partly was. As time goes on, British commentators are likely to cast him increasingly for the part; it helps to save national pride. In some ways he was as inept as Eden. Yet in the end, better justice should be done to him. Mr. Dulles was right where the British Government was wrong, and that was in asserting that the United Nations machinery—even with the defects pointed out in the letter of Gilbert Murray—was the best means of handling the crisis once Israel had invaded Egypt. Israel was provoked—intolerably provoked—and there was no need to regard Egypt as a quite innocent victim of aggression. If Britain and France had in the first place joined with America in acting through the United Nations, Nasser would have fared worse than he did.

Thus Mr. Connell's thesis that much may be learned from Suez is certainly true, but true in a different respect from what he intended. This might be even clearer if he had not omitted or glossed over some of the facts. Thus there is no mention of the draft agree-

ment with Mr. Fawzi over the Canal, which Mr. Hammarskjöld circulated only a day or two before the invasion. After the disasters, how willingly would British Ministers have reverted to the offer if it had still been open to them! Mr. Connell says very little about the attitude of Mr. Aneurin Bevan. Instead he gives Mr. Selwyn Lloyd a magnitude which must surprise most observers of the scene. He is always "brisk, matter-of-fact, business-like." Here and there the book deviates into special pleading for Mr. Lloyd; and that is where Mr. Connell most fails to persuade.

GUY WINT.

JUSTICE DEFERRED

TRIALS OF EVANS AND CHRISTIE (NOTABLE BRITISH TRIALS SERIES, Vol. 82). Edited by F. Tennyson Jesse. William Hodge. 30s.

CRIMINOLOGISTS and politicians have by now shouted themselves hoarse about Evans and Christie, and the public has been swamped with comment but somewhat short of fact. This book contains both trials in full, including the judgment in Evans's appeal, the two reports by Mr. Scott Henderson, all the Commons Debates, a table of dates and some useful illustrations; also an introduction which may be skipped.

The reader thus has a great deal of the relevant material required to ponder a classic affair in English or any other law. As Mr. Justice Finnemore put it in his summing-up:

I do not know whether any jury ever before in this country, or perhaps in any country, has seen and heard a man charged with murder go into the witness-box and say to the jury: "Yes I did kill this victim, and I killed six others as well over a period of ten years"; and, perhaps most unfortunate of all, I doubt if a jury ever before has had to hear a man say in the witness-box: "I killed one woman in respect of whom another man was charged with murder . . . and when that other man, who was the victim's husband, was tried for the murder of his child two days later, killed in a similar way to the wife, I gave evidence in this very box in this very Court, and it was put to me in terms that I had murdered that woman, and I denounced it as a lie."

It is a grim exercise in irony to read the Evans case to-day. Mr. Humphreys' closing speech, indeed, defending the character of Christie and demanding what possible motive

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he could have had for strangling—"I emphasize 'strangle'"—reads now as the most persuasive argument for Evans's innocence. But what should never have happened is that his guilt or innocence should have been deployed as a useful counter in the death penalty argument, in the way which has been followed by both sides. It did not need the Evans case to prove that what Mr. Curtis-Bennett said during the Christie trial—"The law in this country is the best as we believe it, but it still is human and, being human, may on occasions fail"—is sense, and that what Lord Kilmuir said in 1948—"There is no practical possibility [of error in a murder case]"—is not. Evans's innocence, at the lowest a possibility, is merely an example of this fallibility. Admittedly, Miss Tennyson Jesse goes too far in asserting, "It is nothing to do with capital punishment whether we have hanged an innocent man or not," but the particular circumstances of the Evans case were, on any view, so extraordinary that under no legal system could he have been acquitted. Even if the police could have been shown at the time to have acted in a way which was open to criticism (which is still not clear), and even if it had been demonstrated that Evans's confession was false in some particulars, it is difficult to see how a jury could have come to any other conclusion, short of knowing what manner of man Christie was. The blackest evidence against Evans at the time was, in fact, not Christie, but his own mendacity. To whatever he said at his trial "They only answered, Little Liar." Not that Miss Jesse blames the police, for whom as for everybody officially connected with the case, not excluding Mr. Scott Henderson, she has nothing but somewhat fulsome praise. Nevertheless, she herself comes to the tentative conclusion that Evans was innocent. The Scott Henderson reports are truly astonishing documents, perhaps the most striking single feature of which is that their author did not consider Christie's murders of the other five women as relevant to his enquiries at all: "I am satisfied that there is no new fact bearing on the crimes with which Evans was charged other than the alleged facts relating to Christie's confessions with regard to Mrs. Evans." Well, really! As for the convenient theory that Evans and Christie were accomplices in murder, there is scarcely any evidence of that, though Evans clearly had some guilty knowledge of his wife's death.

Miss Jesse's introduction is turgid stuff, and other comments (e.g. "The heart of a woman is a strange thing"; "The pas-de-

deux he danced was the Dance of Death") the less said the better. It is a pity that an important volume in this series was not entrusted to a more skilful hand.

ROBERT LINDLEY.

Novels

- THE AWAKENED. ZOE OLDENBOURG. *Gollancz*. 16s.
THE VILLA AND THE HORDE. Barbara Hunt. *Macdonald*. 15s.
THE PERISHABLE QUALITY. Rhys Davies. *Heinemann*. 15s.
SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN. G. B. Stern. *Collins*. 13s. 6d.
REVOLUTION AND ROSES. P. H. Newby. *Cape*. 15s.
THE MENDELSON FIRE. Wolf Mankowitz. *Andre Deutsch*. 12s. 6d.
THE LONG RIDE OUT. Vincent James. *Ernest Benn*. 13s. 6d.
A DIFFERENCE IN DEATH. Donn Russell. *Faber*. 12s. 6d.

ZOE OLDENBOURG'S first contemporary novel, *The Awakened*, is a love story pure and complicated. The love is between Ilya Lanskoi, grandson of a White Russian officer and Stephanie Lindberg, daughter of a refugee German professor, a Jew converted to Catholicism; more indeed than that; Leopold Lindberg feels that in himself he reverses the Rejection by the Jews, no one can understand Christianity as he. He teaches at the Sorbonne for a pittance which does not provide him with the luxuries he considers necessary; engaged in high philosophic argument with other converted Jewish friends, he, who has always charmed and enslaved women, is chagrined that his daughters have escaped his dominance. One has renounced her baptism and married a Jew; the younger, his adored and adoring Stephanie, has fallen irrevocably in love with this young Russian oaf, penniless, socially unacceptable and clinging to his Orthodox faith.

The theme of the novel is Stephanie's long painful duel between her love for her father and her love for Ilya, long since Gallicized to Ely, yet remaining, in his warm, disorderly family life, his improvidence and his emotional responses, a true Slav. The time is the late thirties and the tension of the book mounts slowly, far too slowly, towards the outbreak of war, which we know will change these lives, as so many others.

NOVELS

The slowness and the excessive introspection of almost all the characters makes the book drag, but to me its most serious fault is that Leopold Lindberg does not make the impact on the reader which is necessary if Stephanie's dilemma is to be felt as deeply as the love between her and Ilya. Toward the end, when Ilya has disappeared as a prisoner of war somewhere, Leopold is taken back to Germany to a concentration camp, and Stephanie, carrying Ilya's child, is left to face her meagre, threatened existence with what courage she can. Our tears are asked for Leopold, who sends some characteristically literary letters on the eve of his doom, but, perversely, mine went to an earlier generation of refugees, the White Russian colony of Paris, reduced to the proletariat at a blow, and doomed to lose, after their money and their status, their language and their racial identity. Miss Oldenbourg's picture of this community in the early stages of the book is fascinating, and I should also like to mention her sympathetic portraiture of the Orthodox clergy, too often known to us solely by their less pleasing political activities. *The Awakened* is a most

distinguished book, but it is often heavy going.

The Villa and the Horde is set in Rome just before its fall. The chief characters are Severus, a Roman patrician retired to his villa after long service to the state, and his British slave, Gordion, who has reached a position of some importance in his master's household. Miss Hunt contrasts their attitude to their threatened world in a sentence which seems to me significant: "Where Severus saw the world as a rather smallish place, linked in all its parts with a network of clean and rapid roads, Gordion saw it as a mysterious vastness, full of dark impenetrable places, dotted with islands of safety surrounded by walls." To Severus, the old Roman *pietas* which had carried the standard S.P.Q.R. over the world, seems to have been disintegrated by the official recognition of Christianity, which exhorted men to be meek rather than stern. But Christianity is fashionable, his own wife and daughters profess it, so Severus has to look elsewhere for the enemy. He finds him in the Vandal general Stilicho, who in the name of Rome has just defeated the Goths under

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LONGMANS

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Alaric. *The Villa and the Horde* has a full and dramatic story. Severus, to whom love has not been a virtue, learns the meaning of it in age and defeat. Stilicho, bargaining with Alaric, understands what is happening better than those who are intriguing against him in Rome, while as for Gordion, he is to go up in the world without knowing it, when he marries a refugee girl from Gaul, who, in spite of unnerving experiences, can never forget that she is a free woman, the daughter of a respectable Roman official. It has to be admitted that the characters of this book are not free from a suspicion of the best technicolour greasepaint, but the overall picture is engrossing. For as the starving city, rotted by rumours and torn by feuds, waits terrified and impotent upon its fall, we feel the shudder of that convulsion which was to rock the world, and that is no small achievement.

Rhys Davies, in *The Perishable Quality*, explores a situation which has certain affinities with that of Colette's *Chéri*. Eva Pritchard, a miner's daughter, educated in the arts of pleasing men by the manager of the local colliery, the magnetic, sensual and generous

"Mr. Dai," has for many years practised her arts with discrimination but with profit in London. She is nearing fifty when a handsome and unscrupulous lover, less than half her age, attaches himself to her. Val is genuinely fond of Eva, but he sees no reason why the money she has amassed should not be spent carelessly in giving them both a good time rather than hoarded for the benefit of her climbing-to-respectability family in Wales. Apart from his youth and beauty, Val has another hold on Eva: he reminds her of her first and only other non-paying love, the young miner dying of tuberculosis, who courted her quite literally in bed. It is interesting to contrast the warm, humorous but none the less realistic treatment of this situation by Mr. Rhys Davies with the astringent tragic-comedy of Colette. For Val is no *Chéri*, and Eva, as he reminds her, has lived on into an age when the respectable harlot is an anachronism. This book is fresh and original, salty and touching, and although there have perhaps been too many portraits lately of bibulous, self-destructive Welsh poets, that of Iolo Hancock in this book is a masterpiece and a tribute.

Janice Arnot, in *Seventy Times Seven*, had had a happy and successful life and most people, including herself, considered her an admirable woman. At fifty, when the past is so much longer than the future, Janice is forced to revalue her life because of an accusation by an old and much-loved friend. Cleverly, like the excellent craftsman she is, Miss Stern begins to disentangle Janet's relations with other people; the crazy, tiresome girl who has adored her since schooldays; the various friends who had been quietly pushed out of her life; the daughters whose problems she had been too busy to look at; the old father, who even at eighty-odd keeps little secrets from his daughter. Seductively readable and warmed throughout by a deep concern for people, this book is bound to be immensely popular.

Revolution and Roses is a very high-spirited affair about a young woman journalist who arrives in Alexandria just as King Farouk is about to abdicate. Elaine has no permit to stay in Egypt, but that does not daunt her. Quite shamelessly she exploits a young man with whom she came out on the boat, whose brother lives in Alexandria, and also the fascination she exerts on a susceptible but high-minded young Egyptian officer, Lieutenant Yehia, to get in on everything and land everybody else in trouble. The comedy runs almost as quickly as bazaar gossip to a dramatic climax, and brilliantly



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as he handles the conventions of the comedy form, Mr. Newby never overlooks the fact that, after all, something serious is really happening.

In the volume entitled *The Mendelman Fire*, Mr. Mankowitz includes the long title story, a number of short, snappy pieces and two or three stories of Russian-Jewish village life which have an almost folk tale quality. As everybody knows, Mr. Mankowitz does for the guys and dolls of London's East End what Damon Runyon did for the characters on Broadway, or what, for an earlier generation, was done by the delightful stories of the partnership of Potash and Perlmutter, which I still remember with affection. Mr. Mankowitz is gay, smooth and smart. He can switch on humour and sentiment to perfect timing, and if ever one is inclined to think that the second Dispersal of the Bombing has taken the racy characters away from Whitechapel, one has only to read Mr. Mankowitz to be reassured. But I wish he would allow himself a little more elbow room.

The "Western" is as much a convention as the detective story and there are certain classic gambits. *The Long Ride Out* opens with one of the best-attested; three men, chance-met, are riding together across the plains to the distant mountains where, according to their leader Kaskell (who has the map), there is a rich gold mine ready for the taking. The two men who are riding with him have their own reasons for accompanying him, not altogether connected with gold. Capello, the Mexican, is running away from something; Marshall, the American, is simply broke and wishing to get to San Francisco. So why not accompany Kaskell, who wants company so much that he is willing to buy it?

It is a very good opening. And there is a very good end; a superb gun battle with bandits in a rocky defile. In between, the shadow of Freud falls over the plot, the tension between Capello and Kaskell, the two with secrets in their past, rises to breaking point; and when a young Mexican and his sister join the cavalcade for safety and Marshall, the "innocent," gradually assumes control of the expedition, the reader feels the intrusion of a contrived sentimentality and begins to lose interest. But the guns do their business superbly in the end, killing all the right people, and if that is not the classic ending to a Western, what is?

A good trial scene makes a play, and a good murder trial ought to make a novel, especially when the story is told through the eyes of the judge by a writer who has command of the

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fascinating details of legal procedure. Mr. Justice Parrott, and his ageing but indomitable clerk, Charles, are very welcome newcomers to the detective story portrait gallery and *A Difference in Death* should have a wide circle of appreciative readers. There are, however, legitimate differences of palate; mine is for the very dry sherry of say, Henry Cecil's, legal studies without the introduction of exotic flavours of skullduggery from foreign parts.

RUBY MILLAR.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE two volumes of the *Report of H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh's Study Conference: Oxford 1956* (O.U.P., 42s. per set) contain a fairly complete account of the history, organization and proceedings. Members of the Conference, who were drawn from all levels of industry at home and abroad, met to discuss and to hear papers on the human problem of industrial communities. "Study tours" were undertaken by groups, who visited the main industrial centres of the United Kingdom.

The three hundred members of the Conference are said to have been "enthusiastic and co-operative," and their enthusiasm is likely to be shared by readers of this able account of a valuable and fascinating experiment.

In *The Prince of Storytellers* (Heinemann, 16s.) Robert Standish tells the colourful story of E. Phillips Oppenheim, whose facility as a writer of thrillers can only be compared with that of Edgar Wallace. Mr. Standish's book is rather disappointing because he introduces irrelevant matter which has little or nothing to do with the subject, but there are some entertaining anecdotes.

From the earliest recorded mention of the Englishwoman's toilet in the middle of the 16th century up to the present day is the theme of Neville Williams's *Powder and Paint* (Longmans, 18s.). It is a lively record, well illustrated.

Banker, author, and Lord Mayor of Norwich, R. H. Mottram continues his agreeable reminiscences in *Another Window Seat or Life Observed* (Hutchinson, 18s.). It is the modest autobiography of an able, many-sided man.

Crusoes of Sunday Island (Bell, 15s.) is a true desert island story told to the author, Elsie K. Morton, by a daughter of Tom Bell, who took his wife and young children and went to Sunday Island, 600 miles north of Auckland, N.Z., in 1878. Miss Morton has dressed her story in fictional form, and there are effective illustrations.

* * *

In *Sir Walter Scott in Italy* (Nelson, 10s. 6d.) appear reminiscences of him written by Sir William Gell, who was in Scott's company constantly between January and May 1832, during his holiday in search of health. Although they are not important, they contribute something to the knowledge of one of the most agreeable British literary personalities.

* * *

Israel Zangwill (Clarke, 21s.), by Joseph Leftwich, is the first biography of the well-known novelist, and champion of the Zionist movement, which was born in his London study. It should call attention to Zangwill's novels, which have been unduly neglected.

* * *

Another heart-rending account of imprisonment in Soviet hands is to be found in *White Nights* (Macdonald, 18s.). Menachem Begin describes his unpleasant experiences in the fortress of Lubianka and in a Russian Correctional Labour Camp. The author believes that without Stalin Russia and the West have a good chance of being "entirely spared from the danger of total atomic destruction."

E. G.

Art

SCULPTURE IN HOLLAND PARK

By MICHAEL JAFFÉ

FOR a long time *Peter Pan* in Kensington Gardens was the only sculpture inhabiting a garden—as opposed to monuments formally placed in buildings, squares and park enclosures—which was at all familiar to the London public. But since this last war the L.C.C. have made it part of the business of their Parks Committee to show sculpture out of doors in an informal setting. The present

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exhibition is the fourth that they have arranged, and the second in Holland Park.

The previous exhibitions have aimed at being international in scope. And many will remember with pleasure Manzù's bronze *Dancer* which was one of the highlights of the 1954 show. But this year the choice has been restricted to twenty-eight sculptors now working in this country, one work by each. In addition, for contrast, a selection has been made of statuary by English and Irish sculptors of a hundred years ago. These mid-19th century pieces being in most cases of marble or of plaster, are kept out of the weather in the shelter of the newly-restored Orangery. The effect of this historical contrast is to demonstrate not only what the President of the Royal Academy points out in his introduction to the catalogue (fully illustrated), that "the sculpture of 1850 (is) invariably smooth and untroubled in texture and . . . the sculpture of 1950 so often rough, agitated and nervous—even tortuous"; but also that there is provincialism in British sculpture now as then. Richard James Wyatt, represented in Holland Park by the *Penelope* of 1844 and the *Glycera* of 1848, and John Gibson, represented by *Hylas and the Water Nymphs* of 1826, the *Narcissus* of 1838, and *The Mourning Husband* of c. 1860, were both men much indebted to the teaching and to the example of Canova and Thorwaldsen. Austin Wright's fantastic *Trio* (28) of wishbone figures, carried out in plaster during 1956-57, owes for its tensions of placing and its refinements of spindle-shankedness a not inconsiderable debt to the manner of Giacometti. Siegfried Charoux is a contemporary eclectic, whose appreciation of forms as expressed in *Man*, 1957 (6), a piece of naturalistic propaganda, seems to derive, though perhaps unconsciously, from the more abstract example of Lipchitz. Reg. Butler's *Girl 5456* (4) displays the inflated thighs styled by Gaston Lachaise and, discordantly, the expressionist treatment of a boneless head thrown back against upflung arms which reflects the not always fortunate influence of Marino Marini. The *Curved Form* (15), conceived by Barbara Hepworth when "standing on the hill called Trevalgan between St. Ives and Zennor," is elegance realized locally, in a minor key, which was made possible by the revolutionary discoveries of Arp and Brancusi. But in such an instance the provincialism of so much British sculpture to-day is far from disagreeable.

Henry Moore, a master well hailed as a

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major inventor of forms in sculpture, is however not in the least provincial. His seated *Warrior with a Shield* (23) is a powerful piece, with particularly strong backviews of the torso. The thrust of mass and swell of mood give it a fair claim to be judged with the *Belvedere Torso* which inspired Michelangelo. Only the head, which for Mr. Moore "has a blunted and bull-like power, but also a sort of dumb animal acceptance and forbearance of pain," appears to contradict the grave defiance and consequence of the rest.

Despite the early work of Calder, Robert Adams' abstract construction in iron and steel, *Vertical Forms* (1) does not suffer from provincialism. Framed as it is in Holland Park, against the greyness of a concave wooden niche in cylindrical form with side-screens of white, it has a clear and pleasing effect. No less individual and attractive in its fancy, though not remotely ascertainable mathematically, is Lynn Chadwick's *Teddyboy and Girl* (5), stilted chrysalids in skin bronze, hatching as they fascinate each other into insects.

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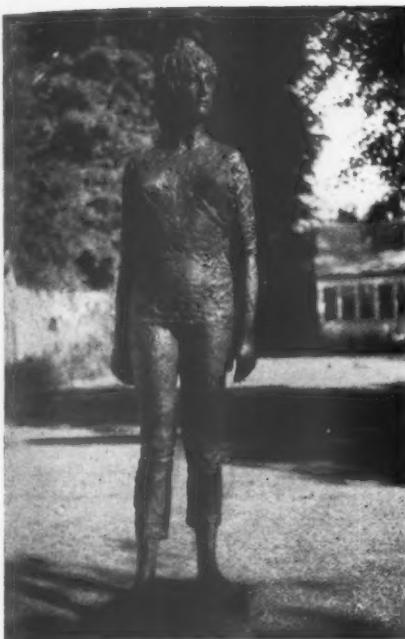
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vulgarity is Arthur Fleischmann's carving of *Lot's Wife* (12), as a pillar of perspex entwined in her perspex hair. Translucencies varying with the thickness of this material, in itself artificially even and inimical to tactile variety, are the new "textures" which Mr. Fleischmann has exploited experimentally.

A highly pictorial use of material distinguishes also Epstein's bust of *Esther* (11), a masterpiece of bronze portraiture whose surface and subtly enhanced features are handled with painterly skill. This was shown first at the Leicester Galleries a quarter of a century ago. Opposite it now stands one of the most satisfactory works in the exhibition, a *Memorial* (25) carved last year in grey granite by John Skeaping, a solemn figure well balanced in mass and united in the rhythmic flow of ridge and hollow (see Fig. I). And nearby is the menacing cliff of Robert Clatworthy's life-size *Bull* (7), really a picture in plaster, staggeringly impassive but lacking that underlying sense of interval and of planes intersecting in mass which gives essential meaning and vitality to sculpture.

Finally, a true work of sculpture, F. E. McWilliam's *Portrait of Elizabeth Frink* (21) (see Fig. II), a young sculptress whose concrete *Warrior* (14) shows herself to be a promising artist of strength and sensitivity. The portrait of her conveys the fire and stance of a per-



PORTRAIT OF ELIZABETH FRINK (BRONZE, 1956)
BY F. E. MCWILLIAM

sonality in three dimensions more roundly and decisively than many more pretentious statues. The expedition to Holland Park is already worthwhile to see that.

MICHAEL JAFFÉ.

Music

By ROBIN DENNISTON

Honey-Sweet Hallucinations

C_{RITICS} have mainly overlooked the 1957 Light Programme Music Festival; in fact it presents more features of interest to the sociologist than the music critic, but none the less the impression one gets that serious music-going is the preserve of a close group of ivory tower dwellers is strengthened by a visit to the Festival Hall for these selections (rather than programmes) of music which are said (in the Souvenir Programme's smug Preface) to vindicate and demonstrate "the dignity of average taste."

Light music has always had a raw deal; rarely does it get (or deserve?) the performances for which it was originally orches-

TOMORROW IS MAÑANA

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author of 'Rocks and Olives'

An intimate and unusually vivid portrait of a small village in Andalusia where Miss Deane now lives. Characters throng the pages as they do the village square, Concepcion the fisherman's wife with her brood of children who sings when she is starving, Pig-cut-up the village carrier who can imitate a donkey or a full-scale air battle, the gipsy *limpiabotas* who recites Lorca as he cleans the shoes, dominated by the outspoken Rabelaisian figure of Hermosa the cook. This is a book which will not be easily erased from the memory.

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JOHN MURRAY

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

trated; usually it is accompanied by the champing of jaws or the sliding of dancing pumps. In these days it has neither the existentialist *cachet* of jazz nor the free publicity in the culture columns of "serious" music. But it seems to survive here, under the bonhomous patronage of the B.B.C., compered by Big Brother's elder brother himself, who creates an atmosphere rather like a Butlin re-union. The gulf between what the public wants and what the music critics write about is wide and unbridgeable, for there is comparatively little to be usefully said about contemporary light music. It is essentially non-committal, and the chief emotions with which it is concerned are nostalgia ("an evocation of the Big Top," "sweet seventeen") and particularly the sort of patriotism generally associated with Crawfie. Coy musical references to young female princesses past and present seem to dominate this festival, regardless of the fact that, with the possible exception of Prince Albert, Royalty has shown itself singularly uninterested in music. In the final programme, which included the Johannesburg Festival Overture, scrappily played by an expert but tired, overworked and sweating B.B.C. Concert Orchestra, and a brilliant new March (*H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge*) by Malcolm Arnold, the stars were unquestionably the Danish State Radio Entertainment Choir. They sang "arrangements" of Noel Coward, music hall songs and other gems from the past; and they exemplified, with brilliant finality, the latter end of light music. For technically they are superb, and their director, who made the arrangements, is a man of wit as well of musical accomplishment (they can imitate orchestras, out-of-tune tenors, and even bagpipes without quite enough air). Their *sforzandi* are a miracle of precision and the surprising modulations they achieve would baffle most operatic soloists. The only trouble is—what they sing. A few fragments of vintage Coward, and not even enough of each song to leave a flavour—the only musical interest lies in the transitions from one "number" to the next. And this is the trouble with the whole genus. Light music nowadays (and it is unnecessary to point out that things were different in the days of Scarlatti and Mozart) is not only escapist in content but defeatist in technique. It not only tries to convince us that the world exists as a perpetual springtime for young princesses but that angry men, old and young, a million Arab refugees and corrupt statesmanship have nothing to do with us; but its accents of persuasion are the *clichés* of Meyerbeer, and

debased versions of Mendelssohn and Haydn. That is why it is wrong. Light music must certainly entertain, and certainly must put no great strain on the intellect, but it can be, and has been, fresh and original, genuinely "light" and not heavy with the ill-digested fragments of other people's ideas. The exclusive devotion to technique of the Danish S.R.E.C. (*v. sup.*) is a symptom that amusement, expressed in make-believe situations, is now being sought for its own sake. And this is a sign of *malaise* in our society, as well as of poverty of invention among our lighter composers.

ROBIN DENNISTON.

Finance

By LOMBARDO
Inflation Continues

IN the June issue it was recorded in these notes that there was talk in the City of a possible reduction in Bank Rate: last month it was noted that the indicators pointing to that possibility had veered round and all hope of a reduced rate had vanished, causing the gilt-edged market to sag. This month it must be recorded that Government stocks have been so friendless that War Loan touched a new low level.

By the middle of July the yield on the shares in the *Financial Times* Industrial Ordinary Index was only a fraction above the yield on $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Consols. As we go to press it seems possible that the yield gap could be eliminated before we appear in print; indeed, if the trend continues—and the prevailing mood of investors is such that the trend could be emphasized—it is possible that lower prices in the gilt-edged market will reverse the yield gap for the first time since the war. Prices have risen slightly from the bottom as I write, but an upward trend has not been established.

The argument prompting this attitude of the investing public is simple: Government spending is hardly diminishing; the boards of the nationalized industries (notably the Coal Board) have completely failed to keep wages at a stable level and have arbitrarily passed increased costs on to the consumers. The result is higher prices all round, which mean a violent upward jerk to the inflationary spiral; therefore, it is argued, "buy equities and get out of fixed interest stocks" which diminish in real value as inflation increases.

FINANCE

Where do we Stand ?

This argument has its complexities, but in its simple form it is the essence of the motive which has caused persistent selling of Government stocks and the consequential catastrophic slide in market prices of fixed interest issues. Some people have argued that it is patently wrong that the credit of the United Kingdom Government should be assessed on such a low basis, and that the bottom of the slide must have been reached; but the investing public has not yet taken that view. There is an uneasy feeling that we may be in an economic mess and, though reassuring proof would be welcomed, there is some scepticism about the validity of recent Ministerial arguments.

That firm action to curb inflation would be hailed with pleasure was evidenced early in the month, when there was a pause in the upward trend in equity prices while investors waited hopefully for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to make a statement which would justify a belief that strong action to put our economic house in order was imminent. Mr. Thorneycroft's speech was considered disappointing. His case appeared to be too much like "passing the buck" to the public. Inflation can be kept in check by you, not by me, he seemed to assert, and, anyway, there is no crisis, as the trade of the country is in good shape. Memories went back to remarks made by Mr. Butler when he was Chancellor, which were followed not long afterwards by drastic action to restrain credit and diminish spending. Mr. Thorneycroft's optimism seemed a little unreal, though his supporting facts were not disputed, and the suspicion that we were perilously near quicksands was not dissipated. Gilt-edged prices fell further and dollar stocks were bought vigorously.

Plugging the Leaks

Treasury action at the beginning of July caused considerable activity in dollar stocks. The Chancellor announced that U.K. residents would no longer be allowed to acquire foreign currency securities from residents abroad. Residents in other parts of the sterling area who earned "resident sterling" (officially available for circulation only within the sterling area) had been able to sell this sterling for dollars with which they could buy U.S. or Canadian securities in the U.S. or Canada. These they could sell on the London market at a profit, because the premium here more than compensated them for the discount at which they sold "resident sterling." This constant infiltration of dollar securities to the

"pool" circulating on the London market acted as a brake on the premium which buyers of dollar securities had to pay. (The London quotations of dollar stocks always include the premium ruling at the moment.) As soon as the Treasury decision to plug the leaks was made known, market activity increased fiercely, particularly in Canadian issues, and the premium rapidly rose from 6 per cent. to 15 per cent. It later fell below 12 but rose to 17, and as we go to press it is 19 per cent.

Since the existing pool of dollar securities in London cannot now be enlarged, the premium is an indicator of opinion in the U.K. on the prospects of sterling, because any flight into dollars will have to concentrate on the limited amount of stock now available. As this market is the obvious one for investors who want to put a proportion of their savings outside the sterling area as a hedge against inflation here, and as many people still want to participate in Canadian expansion, the amount of stock available will be inadequate and the premium will probably, therefore, remain high.

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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Finance and Socialist Plans

Two major policy documents were issued by the Labour Party during July. The more important of these is dealt with elsewhere in this issue, but one aspect of their contents must be mentioned here.

Commenting on the policy put forward Mr. Gaitskell said: "so-called old-fashioned nationalization is not ruled out," but the new idea is to achieve public ownership of industry by taking over ("with full and fair compensation") large companies or groups of companies; by acquiring large blocks of equity shares by purchase on the market through the proposed National Superannuation Fund or other bodies, and to accept shares in payment of death duties. These proposals may meet strong opposition at the Party Conference, to which they will be presented, as Mr. Cousins has already demanded that no substitute for nationalization be accepted. Whatever emerges from Party strife, however, the pattern proposed by the leaders is of great importance to investors. The full implications of a Socialist victory at the next election cannot yet be assessed, but the market in equity shares will undoubtedly be affected as the present Government approaches the moment of an appeal to the country. Politicians using taxpayers' money to operate in the equity markets could cause strange movements in the value of the savings of the thrifty.

Tailpiece

Since my note on non-voting shares last month a spokesman of the Investment Trust movement has attacked them and questions have been asked in Parliament. It has been suggested that institutional investors should boycott them and refuse to underwrite them, and one large company proposes to give voting rights to existing "A" shares.

LOMBARDO.

Denys Smith's regular articles will be resumed next month; also the feature "British Business Today," with an article on the shipbuilding industry. Other features will include Desmond Donnelly, M.P. on impressions of a recent journey behind the Iron Curtain, James Johnson, M.P. on the future of the Rhodesian Federation, and John Verney on the public schools.

Records

By ALEC ROBERTSON

Orchestral

H.M.V. has made a valuable contribution to the Elgar centenary by the re-issue, on L.P. discs, of a number of the composer's works conducted by himself. The works recorded between 1931-33 are the Violin Concerto, Menuhin and the L.S.O. (ALP 1456); *Falstaff*, with the same orchestra (BLP1090); Serenade in E Minor and *Cockaigne* with the L.P.O. and B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra respectively; and, on the reverse, a 1926 recording, with the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra, of the *Enigma Variations* (ALP1464). The transfers are remarkably successful, although the *Enigma* side shows its age here and there, and one is struck by the musical quality of the string tone compared with some that we hear on hi-fi to-day. It is fascinating to hear how closely Elgar follows his many score directions for the players, giving more emotional emphasis than is usual to-day, but which never becomes excessive. Composers, as we know, are not invariably the best conductors of their own works, and Elgar could lose interest where a professional instinct would have kept things moving, but when as here, in all but the Serenade (which is rather dull), his heart was in the matter he gave performances that remain unsurpassed.

One would welcome a re-issue of the two symphonies conducted by the composer, and let us hope this will eventuate.

Meanwhile two recordings of the Second Symphony have come out, one by the Hallé Orchestra with Barbirolli (H.M.V. ALP1292), the other by the Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra with Boult (Nixa NCL16018). Both are very good performances, but Boult is rather unlucky in his recording, and so I would recommend the H.M.V. disc to those to whom this is a matter of first importance. Otherwise honours are more or less easy. The "horrible throbbering," as Elgar used to call it, in the *Rondo*, with the percussion blotting all else out does not, however, quite make its due effect on the H.M.V. disc.

The Aldeburgh Festival Orchestra, a small group composed of a number of our finest chamber musicians, have made two discs with Britten conducting Haydn's "Farewell" and "Schoolmaster" (No. 55 in E flat) Symphonies on Decca LXT5312, and playing the solo part as well in Mozart's A Major Piano Concerto (K.414) on Decca LW5294.

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Records

Both these discs are very good, but one could wish that the intrusive applause had been omitted before each of the symphonies and reserved only to the end. The "Schoolmaster" is not one of Haydn's most inspired works, but Britten evidently loves it and gives an admirable account of both it and the attractive "Farewell," both beautifully phrased and of the right scale. He further shows his great gifts in his lovely playing, unique of its kind, of the exquisite A Major Concerto. The slow movement, taken at exactly the right speed, is one of the most beautiful Mozart ever wrote and here sounds magical. Britten also appears as composer and conductor, with the Covent Garden Orchestra, in a complete recording of his ballet, *The Prince of the Pagodas* (Decca LXT5336-7). I have not seen the ballet, but found it possible, with the excellent sleeve note, to visualize the action. It is good to hear Britten scoring so opulently and he is, of course, as imaginative as ever. Not all the music reaches the same high level, some of it is dull and perhaps some collectors would prefer to wait for the suite that is sure to be made out of the complete score.

Also recommended. Beethoven's Violin Concerto, Milstein and the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Steinberg (Capitol P8313). Chopin's Second Piano Concerto (F minor) and the Schumann Piano Concerto. Rubinstein with the N.B.C. and R.C.A. Victor Symphony Orchestras respectively, both conducted by Steinberg (H.M.V. ALP1465). *Espana*, an attractive collection of Spanish pieces by Rimsky-Korsakov, Moszkowski, Chabrier, and (the one Spaniard) Granados, brilliantly played by the L.S.O. under Argenta (Decca LXT5333). Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps*, conducted by Monteux, who gave the first performance, with the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra, with a very interesting note by the conductor on the sleeve (R.C.A. RB16007).

Chamber Music

A welcome recording of works from the annual Thomas Goff harpsichord jamboree at the Royal Festival Hall; Bach's Concerto for Three Harpsichords in C Major, two Vivaldi Concertos for Four Harpsichords in A and D Minor, and George Malcolm's ingenious and witty variations on a theme of Mozart for the same. Joyce, Malcolm, Dart, Vaughan, Pro Arte Orchestra, Ord conducting. All most enjoyable and well recorded (H.M.V. CLP1120).

RECORDS

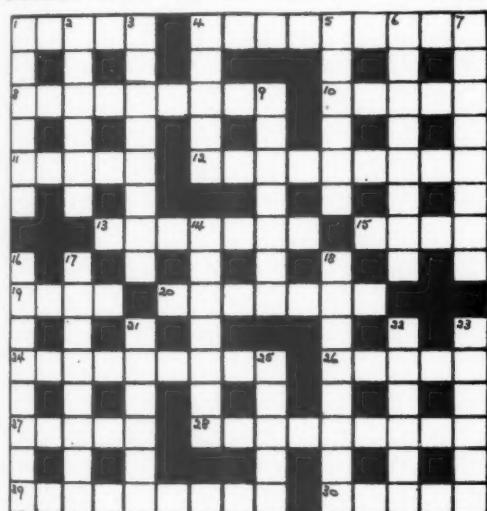
Opera

Rossini's enchanting opera, *Le Comte Ory*, which Glyndebourne has made us familiar with, and which is, to my mind, much superior to *Il Barbiere* (a view apparently shared by Liszt and Berlioz!) is given a superb and sparkling performance on H.M.V. ALP1473-4 with a cast that includes Barabas, Oncina, Roux, Canne-Meijer, Sinclair (Monica) Troy and Wallace, with Gui, magical in this work, conducting the Glyndebourne Festival Orchestra and chorus. It is a feast of delights and very well recorded, having the feel of an actual performance in the opera house. In strong contrast is Janácek's sombre but

infinitely moving opera, *From the House of the Dead*, the libretto founded on Dostoevski's novel. This is a recording made by the Netherlands Opera Company at the Holland Festival of June, 1954, with a long cast of unfamiliar names and Alexander Krannhals as conductor. The performance, an actual one, seems to me admirable and leaves one shaken with compassion. Janácek's methods are unique, vocally and orchestrally, and no doubt not to everyone's taste. For myself this ranks as a great work and one that haunts the mind long after one has heard it (Phillips ABL3119-20).

ALEC ROBERTSON.

NATIONAL & ENGLISH REVIEW CROSSWORD No. 12



A prize of one guinea will be awarded for the first correct solution opened on August 15th. Please cut out and send, with your name and address, to National and English Review (Crossword), 2 Breams Buildings, London, E.C.4.

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ACROSS.—1. Exeunt. 4. Optician. 9. Things. 10. Competes. 11. Aerate. 12. Opulence. 14. Condolence. 18. Troubadour. 22. Rational. 23. Nestle. 24. Leopards. 25. Sluice. 26. Everyone. 27. Models.

DOWN.—1. Entrance. 2. Emigrant. 3. Negation. 5. Prospectus. 6. Impale. 7. Intent. 8. Nested. 13. Bear-garden. 15. Waterloo. 16. Contrite. 17. Treeless. 19. Tralee. 20. Stroke. 21. Notary.

CLUES

ACROSS

- It's grave when nothing follows the fish. (5)
- Hague ball may be diverting. (9)
- Small talk is the making of this East Anglian town. (9)
- He was concerned with morals. (5)
- Indicate nothing in a liquid measure. (5)
- Musical hors-d'oeuvres. (9)
- Not the boy to achieve quick success on the stage. (7)
- Rode wildly across Central Europe. (4)
- This man was a pedlar. (4)
- Fixed snare of light fame. (7)
- Divorced? (9)
- He appears in a fur stole for tea. (5)
- Piece of land which has a tenant? (5)
- A drop of Adam's ale. (9)
- Formed when turbulent river rose? (9)
- "There's night and day, brother, both . . . things." G. H. Borrow (*Lavengro*) (5).

DOWN

- Their power may be measured by force of arms. (6)
- Stable cats round it up. (6)
- People who are fast, of course, undress in the open. (8)
- Conductors' go-slow movement. (5)
- Novel indoor cricket pitch. (6)
- Put one leg each side—that's the most enjoyable way to travel. (8)
- Revelation is a photographer's concern. (8)
- Peculiar set-up to cause hurry. (4, 3)
- Superficial Shakespearean justice. (7)
- Inhabitant may happen to swallow food. (8)
- Mathematics—usual L.C.C. variety. (8)
- Mythological hell-hound. (8)
- Hairdresser's craft? (6)
- Sherpa's bemused expression. (6)
- Choice of graduate on tax return. (6)
- Discourage Ted's return at first. (5)

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